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WHOLE No. 398

UNDER AFRICA; OR, THE STRANGE MANUSCRIPT OF THE WHITE SLAVE. BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.



LIKE A FLASH THE LEOPARD SPRANG UP AND FASTENED HIS TEETH IN THE MAN'S NECK.

PROLOGUE.

IT was November in London. The great city was buried under a dank, yellow fog. Traffic was temporarily checked; foot passengers groped their way by the light of the street lamps, and the hoarse shouts of the link boys running before cabs and carriages with blazing torches rang at intervals above the muffled rumble of countless wheels.

In the coffee room of a quiet hotel on the Strand a young

man stands by the window, looking pensively out on the misty street. He is quite young, with light hair that falls half over his forehead, and a drooping, golden mustache, and in rather startling contrast to these a deep bronzed complexion that tells of foreign lands and tropical suns.

"Captain Chutney, sir?"

It is a hotel servant, with a big blue envelope in his hand, and, as the young man wheels round, he reveals the uniform and bright facings of a captain of Hussars.

"Yes, I am Captain Chutney," he replies to the servant. "Thank you," and, taking the blue document, he stands for a moment in deep thoughtfulness.

Well may he hesitate to break that official seal which glares up at him so broadly. Were the gift of futurity his, and he could see mirrored before him the dread panorama of events that are inevitably linked with that innocent looking missive, he would fling it with horror stricken hands into the coal fire that burns on the grate beside him.

But no disturbing thought enters his mind. The future looks bright and cheerful enough just at present, and, ripping open the end of the envelope without breaking the seal, he pulls out a folded paper and reads :

COLONIAL OFFICE, DOWNING STREET, S. W.

TO CAPTAIN GUY CHUTNEY :

Your immediate presence is requested on urgent affairs.

(Signed)

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR COLONIAL AFFAIRS.

Guy looks with some surprise at the famous signature attached with a bold hand. He places the letter in his pocket, pushes open a swinging door at the left, and vanishes up a broad stairway.

In five minutes he reappears, clad in a big mackintosh, and, calling a cab, he rattles off westward through the fog.

He is not in the best of humors. He had made other plans for the day, for his furlough is up, and tomorrow he leaves for India to rejoin his regiment. He had come up yesterday from the country, where he has put in a week at grouse hunting with his brother, Sir Lucas Chutney, and today he intended bidding good by to old friends, and attending to the making of a few purchases.

Downing Street is not far away, and presently the cab rolls into Whitehall and draws up before the big granite building.

Guy makes his way through the spacious corridors thronged with clerks, civilians, foreigners from every part of the globe, and at last reaches the private apartments of the chief.

The Right Honorable Lord is deeply engaged, but his private secretary receives Guy cordially, and, leading him back into a still more secluded and stately apartment, motions him to a soft chair and sits down opposite him.

"Captain Chutney," he begins abruptly, "you leave for India tomorrow?"

"India Mail, eight o'clock in the morning," Guy replies briefly.

"Very well. We are going to intrust you with a very important commission. You will stop off at Aden, cross the Gulf of Aden in the semi weekly steamer, and present these documents to Sir Arthur Ashby, the Political Resident at Zaila, the fortified town of the Somali Coast Protectorate."

The secretary hands Guy two bulky envelopes stamped and sealed with the Government seal.

"They relate to affairs of importance," he continues. "Your gallant record justifies us in intrusting the papers to your care. You can return in time to take the next steamer. Perhaps I had better tell you this much in confidence," the secretary adds :

"We have received from certain sources information to the effect that the Emir of Harar, on the southern border of Abyssinia, contemplates at no distant date an attack on Zaila. Our garrison there is weak, and, as you probably know, the Somali country is treacherous and unreliable. These papers contain necessary instructions for the Political Resident."

The secretary rises, and Guy gladly follows his example.

"I will see that the papers are delivered," he says earnestly.

"Thank you," the secretary responds. "I am sure that you will. I wish you a safe voyage, Captain Chutney, and fresh Burmese laurels, for you will no doubt take part in the Chittagong Expedition."

They shake hands warmly, and in five minutes Guy is rattling citywards again through the increasing fog. Long afterwards he looks back on that morning as the most memorable day of his life. At present his commission sits lightly on his mind. He attends to all his duties in London, catches the India Mail, and two days later is steaming across the Mediterranean on board the P. and O. Steamship Cleopatra.

CHAPTER I.

THE STOLEN DISPATCHES.

STEADILY the Cleopatra had traversed the Mediterranean, passed through the Suez Canal, plowed the burning waters of the Red Sea, and now, on this bright, sultry day, Aden was left behind, and with smoking funnels she was heading swiftly and boldly for the Indian Ocean.

A smaller steamer, a mere pigmy beside this gigantic Indian liner, had left the harbor of Aden at the same time, and was beating in a southwesterly direction across the gulf with a speed that was rapidly increasing the distance between the two vessels.

On the upper deck stood Guy Chutney, straining his eyes through a pair of field glasses to catch a last glimpse of the Cleopatra, and distinguish, if possible, the figures grouped under the white awnings. He had only arrived at Aden last night, and now he was bound for the dreary African coast, while all the gay friends he had made on board the Cleopatra were steaming merrily off for Calcutta without him.

It was by no means a comforting state of affairs, and Guy's spirits were at their lowest ebb as the steamer finally faded into the horizon. He put up the glasses and strode forward. From the lower decks came a confused babel of sounds, a harsh jabbering of foreign languages that grated roughly on his ear.

"This is a remarkably fine day, sir."

It was the captain who spoke, a bluff, hearty man, who looked oddly out of place in white linen and a solar topee.

"It is a grand day," said Guy. "May I ask when we are due at Zaila?"

"At Zaila?" repeated the captain, with a look of sudden surprise. "Ah, yes. Possibly tomorrow, probably not until the following day."

It was now Guy's turn to be surprised.

"Do you mean to tell me, he said, that it takes two or three days to cross the Gulf of Aden?"

"No," replied the captain brusquely. "You are surely aware, my dear sir, that we proceed first to Berbera, and from thence up the coast to Zaila."

"Then you have deceived me, sir," cried Guy hotly. "You told me this morning that this steamer went to Zaila."

"Certainly I did," replied the captain. "You didn't ask for any more information, or I should have told you that we went to Berbera first. The great annual fair has just opened at Berbera, and I have on board large stores of merchandise and trading properties. On other occasions I go to Zaila first, but during the progress of the fair I always go direct to Berbera and unload. I supposed that fact to be generally understood," and, turning on his heel, the captain walked off to give some orders to his men.

Guy was half inclined to be angry at first, but on reflection he concluded he was just as well satisfied. Besides, it would give him a chance to see that wonderful African fair, which he now remembered to have heard about on different occasions.

But one other person was visible on the deck, a short, chunky man, with a dark complexion, and crafty, forbidding features.

A Portuguese or a Spaniard Guy put him down for at once, and he conceived a deep mistrust of him instantly. The fellow, however, was inclined to be sociable.

"Ah, an Englishman," he said, coming up to Guy and holding out his hand, an action which Guy professed not to see.

"You are going to Berbera, perhaps," he went on, nowise discomfited by the rebuff.

"No," said Guy shortly. "To Zaila."

"Ah, yes, Zaila! You have friends there, perhaps? I, too, am acquainted. I know very well Sir Arthur Ashby, the governor at Zaila."

His keen eyes scanned Guy's face closely, and noted the faint gleam of surprise at this information.

But Guy was too clever to be thrown off his guard.

"Yes," he said. "I know some people here. I have not the pleasure of Sir Arthur's acquaintance."

He would have turned away at this point, but the man pulled a card from his pocket and presented it to him. Guy glanced it over with interest.

C. MANUEL TORRES,

TRADER AT ADEN AND BERBERA.

"A vile Portuguese slave hunter," he thought to himself.

"Well, Mr. Torres," he said. "I am sorry that I have no cards about me, but my name is Chutney."

The Portuguese softly whispered the name once or twice. Then, without further questioning, he offered Guy a cigar, and lit one himself.

Manuel Torres proved to be quite an entertaining companion, and gave Guy a vivid account of the wonders of the fair.

As they went below at dinner time he pointed out on the corner of the dock a great stack of wooden boxes.

"Those are mine," he said. "They contain iron and steel implements for the natives and Arabs."

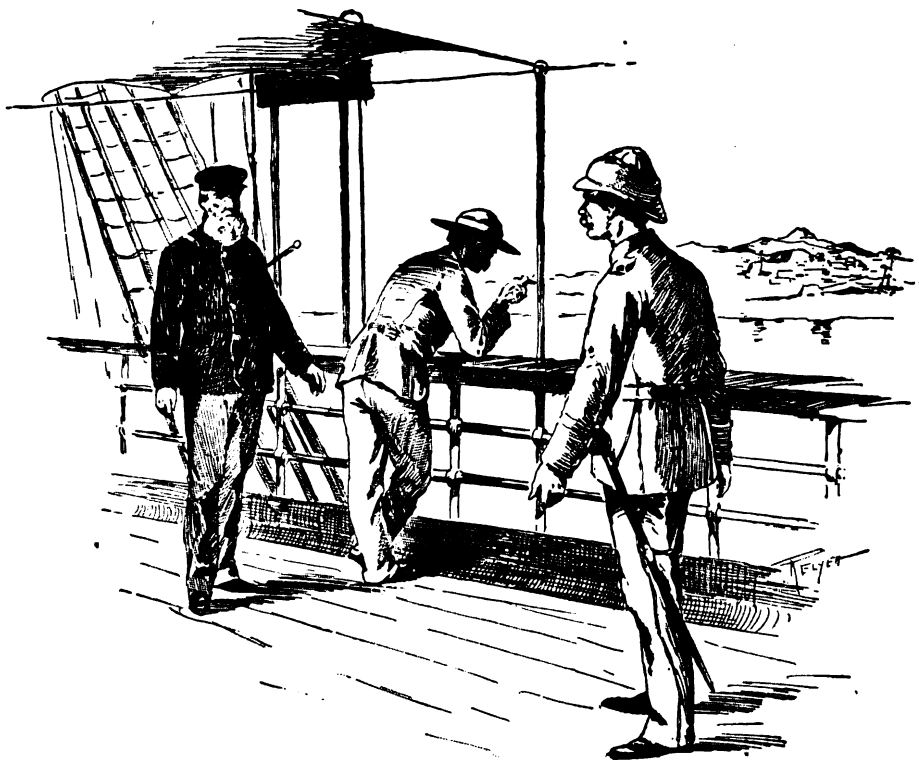
"They look like rifle cases," Guy remarked carelessly; and, looking at the Portuguese as he spoke, he fancied that the dark face actually turned gray for an instant. In a moment they were seated at the table, and the brief occurrence was forgotten.

All that afternoon they steamed on across the gulf, overhead the blue and cloudless sky, beneath them waters of even deeper blue, and at sunset the yellow coast line of the African continent loomed up from the purple distance.

Guy had been dozing under an awning most of the afternoon, but now he came forward eagerly to get his first glimpse of Eastern Africa.

To his great disappointment, the captain refused to land. It was risky, he said, to make a landing at night, and it would be dark when they entered the harbor. They must lie at anchor till morning.

Most of the night Guy paced up and down the deck, sleeping at brief intervals, and listening with eager curiosity to



"I HAVE BEEN ROBBED, CAPTAIN, TREACHEROUSLY ROBBED."

the strange sounds that floated out on the air from shore, where the flickering glare of many torches could be seen.

Stretched on a mattress, the Portuguese slept like a log, without once awakening.

Before dawn the anchors were lifted, and at the captain's suggestion Guy hastened down to his cabin to gather up his scanty luggage, for most of his traps had gone on to Calcutta in the Cleopatra.

He buckled on his sword, put his revolvers in his pocket, clapped his big solar topee on his head, and then reached down for the morocco traveling case which he had stored away for better security under his berth.

A cry of horror burst from his lips as he dragged it out. The lock was broken, and the sides were flapping apart. For one brief second he stared at it like a madman, and then, with frantic haste, he fell on his knees, and, plunging his hands inside, began to toss the contents recklessly out upon the floor. Toilet articles, linen, cigars, writing paper, jewelry, and various other things piled up until his finger nails scraped the bottom. He turned the case bottom up and shook it savagely, shook it until the silver clasps rattled against the sides, and then he sank back with a groan, while the drops of perspiration chased each other down his haggard cheeks.

The precious dispatches were gone.

For the time being Guy was fairly driven out of his senses by the horror of the calamity. Ruin stared him in the face. What madness it was to leave those papers in his cabin. He had foolishly hesitated to carry them on his person for fear the perspiration would soak them through and through, and now they were hopelessly lost. The cabin door had been locked, too. The thief must have had a key.

The first shock over, his manliness asserted itself, and he took a critical view of the situation. He hardly suspected any person as yet. The dispatches must be recovered. That was the first step.

He flew up the stairs, three at a time, and rushed panting and breathless upon deck.

All about him was the hurry and bustle of preparation. The shore was close at hand, and the steamer was moving toward the rude wharf. Manuel Torres was leaning over the rail, coolly smoking a cigar. The captain stood near by, gazing intently at the shore. He looked up with wonder as Guy appeared, crying out in hoarse tones:

"I have been robbed, captain, treacherously robbed. Documents of the greatest importance have been stolen from my cabin, and not a soul shall leave this steamer till every inch of it has been searched. I demand your assistance, sir!"

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGE MEETING.

TORRES looked up in apparent surprise from his cigar and the captain's ruddy face flushed a shade deeper.

"Are you sure of what you are saying, sir?" he cried. "This is a strange place for a robbery."

Guy turned on him hotly.

"A robbery has been committed, nevertheless, and the articles stolen are dispatches for the governor of Zaila. They were intrusted to me for delivery, and I look to you to recover them."

"Ah! Government dispatches, were they?" said the captain. "Just step below and we'll look into the matter."

They turned toward the cabin, leaving the Portuguese still gazing over the rail.

At the foot of the steps the captain stopped.

"Why, what's this?" he said, stooping down and pulling from under the lowest step a bunch of papers.

"The stolen dispatches!" cried Guy wildly. "But look! The seals have been broken."

Together they inspected the documents. Each envelope had been opened, but the contents appeared to be all right. The thief had plainly been satisfied with their perusal.

"Whoever stole them," said the captain, "was afraid to retain them lest a search should be made, and as he had no way to destroy them he tossed them down here where they could easily be found."

"Who else has a key to my cabin?" Guy asked sternly.

"The key to Torres's cabin will open yours," replied the captain, "and several of the crew also have keys."

"Then Torres is the man," said Guy. "The scoundrel looks capable of anything."

"I wouldn't advise you to accuse him," said the captain gravely. "He may cause trouble for you on shore. You must remember that British influence is little felt at Berbera. Your best plan is to say nothing, but relate the whole affair to the governor at Zaila. And now, as we may lie in the harbor here all day, you had better go on shore. You will see a strange sight."

Guy put the recovered documents away in an inner pocket, and followed the captain on deck, in a very angry frame of

mind. Torres had disappeared, but Guy felt that he had not see the last of him.

He half forgot his anger in the strange sight that now met his eyes, for the steamer was just approaching the wharf and in a moment the gang plank was dropped over the side.

He waited until the eager, jostling crowd of Arabs had passed over and then he made his way to shore. The spectacle before him was marvelous and entrancing.

Extending apparently for miles up and down the yellow stretch of sand that fringed the coast, was one great sea of canvas that fluttered under the African breeze.

There were tents of every description, some old and dingy, some spotlessly white and shining, and others brilliant in many colors, barred with red and green and yellow, while here and there, from their midst, rose the sun baked walls and towers of the original Berbera, for all this floating canvas belonged to the nomadic population who flock hither from the interior during the fair, and add a good 20,000 to the perennial population of the town.

Dazed as though in a dream, Guy moved forward, noting with wonder the strange people who thronged about him and regarded him with evident mistrust. Borne on by the crowd, he found himself presently in the main avenue of the fair, and his first amazed impression was that he had been transported to a scene in the Arabian Nights.

On either side of the narrow street stretched the sea of tents, and before them, on rude stalls, were ranged everything that the imagination could devise, sacks of coffee and grain, great heaps of glittering ivory, packets of gold dust, aromatic spices and fragrant gums of all sorts, great bunches of waving ostrich plumes, bales of cotton and tobacco, tanned hides of domestic animals, tawny skins of lions, leopards and panther, oddly woven grass mats, quaint arms and bits of carving, fetish ornaments, and even live cattle and sheep tied to the poles of the tents.

Standing guard over their wares were natives from all parts of Africa, Arabs from the Zambesi, savage looking Abyssinians, crafty Somalis with greasy, dangling locks, and brawny, half naked fellows from the interior, the like of whom Guy had never seen or heard of.

And up and down the narrow street moved in a ceaseless throng the traders who had come to purchase, Arabs from Aden and Suakim, Egyptians from Cairo, traders from Zanzibar, and a sprinkling of Portuguese and Spaniards.

Some of them bore their goods on camels, others had hired native carriers, who staggered under the heavy bales and cases, and the uproar was deafening and incessant as they wrangled over their bartering and dazzled the eyes of their customers with rolls of English and French silks, pigs of iron, copper and brass, sacks of rice and sugar, glittering Manchester cutlery, American beads, and cans of gunpowder.

The builders of the tower of Babel itself could not have produced such a jargon or variety of tongues, Guy thought, as he picked his way onward, now stopping to gaze at some odd looking group, and now attracted by the harsh music and beating drums of a band of native musicians.

He noted with secret satisfaction the occasional presence in the crowd of a dark skinned soldier in British uniform, and he observed with some surprise the vast number of Abyssinian Arabs, whom he recognized by their peculiar dress.

Finally a stranger sight than all arrested his steps. In a small inclosure, cordoned off by a rope, lay a dozen poor slaves shackled to stakes driven deep in the ground and exposed to the burning sun.

Their owner, a brawny negro with a head dress of feathers, a native of the Galla Country, was disputing over their purchase with a gigantic Arab, whose powerful frame irresistibly fascinated Guy's attention.

He wore a loosely flapping cotton gown, confined at the waist by a belt that fairly bristled with knives and pistols, while a scarlet burnous was drawn over his head, affording a brilliant set off to the glittering eyes, the tawny, shining skin, and the short chin beard and mustache.

Behind the group of slaves, chained to the pole of a spacious tent, lay a sleek and glossy leopard, sleeping in the sun as unconcernedly as though he were in the midst of his native desert. The Arab, unaware probably of the beast's presence, walked slowly round the circle inspecting his prospective purchase.

The leopard perhaps was dreaming of the days when he was wont to chase the deer through the jungle, for suddenly his spotted body quivered and his long tail shot out like a stiffened serpent. The Arab's sandaled foot came down on the tapering end, and with a scream of rage the beast sprang up.

Overcome by a sudden fright, the Arab staggered backward a pace, and like a flash the leopard shot to the end of his chain, and fastening teeth and claws on the unfortunate man's neck, bore him to the ground. Panic stricken, those who stood near made no move. The big negro danced wildly up and down, keeping well out of reach of his savage pet, and the slaves howled with fright.

An instant's delay and the man was lost. Suddenly Guy drew his revolver and sprang forward.

The negro uttered a howl and tried to push him back, but Guy forced his way past him, and pressing the revolver close to the brute's head pulled the trigger.

It was a good shot. The leopard rolled over lifeless and the Arab, with Guy's assistance, rose to his feet very dazed while the blood dripped down from his lacerated back.

Instantly the scene changed. The negro, angered at the death of his leopard, advanced menacingly on Guy with a drawn knife, and in response to his summons other negroes rallied to his aid.

But the Arab, too, had friends in the crowd, and they, pressing forward in turn, made it seem as though a bloody conflict was inevitable.

Just as the issue was trembling in the balance, a shout arose from the crowded street:

"The white man! Make room for the white man!" and through the parted ranks Guy saw advancing a bronzed Englishman in white flannels and helmet.

The stranger pushed right in through the sullen group of negroes until he reached the open space before the tent, and stood face to face with Guy.

Their eyes met in one amazed glance that startled the wondering spectators, and then from Guy's lips burst a glad, hoarse cry.

"Melton Forbes, or I am dreaming!"

"Chutney, by Jove! My dear fellow, can it be possible?"

All else forgotten in their deep joy of meeting, the two bronzed Englishmen fell into each other's arms, and the Arabs and negroes dimly comprehending what it all meant, shouted in sympathy, and lowered their arms.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARAB'S WARNING.

FOR a little while the British officer and the British newspaper correspondent could do nothing but stand off to look at each other, and then embrace again as though it were hard to believe that it was not all a dream.

The Arabs and negroes had drawn to one side, and the big savage was wrathfully inspecting the body of the leopard.

"Come," said Melton, plucking Guy's arm. "we will find a quiet place where we can talk in peace."

The crowd made way for them, but before they had taken half a dozen steps the big Arab staggered forward and seized Guy by the hand.

"You brave man," he cried. "Makar never forget."

He kept on with many protestations of gratitude until Guy tried to withdraw in embarrassment.

"Wait," said the Arab. "Come along. Me tell you something."

He fairly dragged Guy back to the entrance to the tent where none could hear, and bending low he whispered in his ear:

"Berbera no place for Inglis man this day. Better go way, quick. Heed what Makar tell you. Now go."

He fairly pushed Guy from him, and the latter, joining Melton, who had witnessed the scene with the greatest curiosity, led the way out into the street.

A curious crowd followed them closely for some distance and not a word was spoken until they had turned off into a side avenue lined with low mud buildings.

"Now," said Melton quickly, "I need not tell you, my dear fellow, what a pleasant surprise this meeting has been, but all explanation must be deferred to a more suitable time. You have made a friend and an enemy today, for Makar Makalo is the most powerful Arab in the whole Somali Country, while that big negro is Oko Sain, the head chief of all the Gallas who dwell two hundred miles back from the coast. Now what did Makar tell you, Chutney?"

Guy repeated the Arab's warning, and Melton stood for a moment in deep thought.

"I suspected as much," he said finally. "Never before have there been so many Arabs and Somalis from the interior at Berbera. Only yesterday a caravan of two thousand camels arrived from Harar in the Galla Country. Something is wrong, I have felt certain, and now Makar confirms my fears."

A glimmering suspicion of the truth flashed over Guy's mind at this juncture, but he hesitated to speak.

"Now then," continued Melton, "this can mean nothing but a massacre. The only soldiers in the place are about sixty of the Bombay Infantry, who were sent down here from Zaila, and as for the fortifications, they are nothing but a few mud walls. There they lie yonder," and he pointed to an English flag fluttering over the house tops some distance away.

"We are only wasting time here," he added. "We'll look about a little and then I'll decide what to do. I don't want to raise any false alarm."

They turned back to the main avenue. The crowds still surged up and down, and the tumult seemed as harsh and discordant as ever, but the place had nevertheless undergone a change since they had left it a short time before. Little bartering was going on and but few Arabs and Somalis were to be seen. Those on the street were mostly harmless traders from Aden and Cairo.

"What has become of all the Arabs?" asked Guy.

"That is just what I want to know," said Melton; "I'll soon find out though. Walk as fast as you can now, Chutney, and look as unconcerned as possible."

Melton led the way down the street for a little distance, and turning into a side passage, soon stopped before a low, one story building.

A dark skinned fellow clad in ordinary Egyptian costume

stood in the doorway, and with a cry of surprise Guy recognized Mombagolo, Forbes's trusty savage servant who did such good service for them when they were in Burma together.

Their greeting was brief and hasty.

"I have work for you, Momba," said Melton. "Something is going on in the town, I don't know just what. You can go anywhere without being suspected. Find out what you can and then come down to the wharf. Don't return here."

The man hastened away at once, and then Guy and Melton started for the shore.

"I won't give any alarm at the garrison," said Forbes, as they hurried along. "I'll wait till Momba reports. I don't suppose anything is contemplated before nightfall at the earliest, and as the troops are scattered it would only precipitate matters if I should have them called in."

The last bale of goods was being unloaded from the steamer when they reached the wharf. The captain and

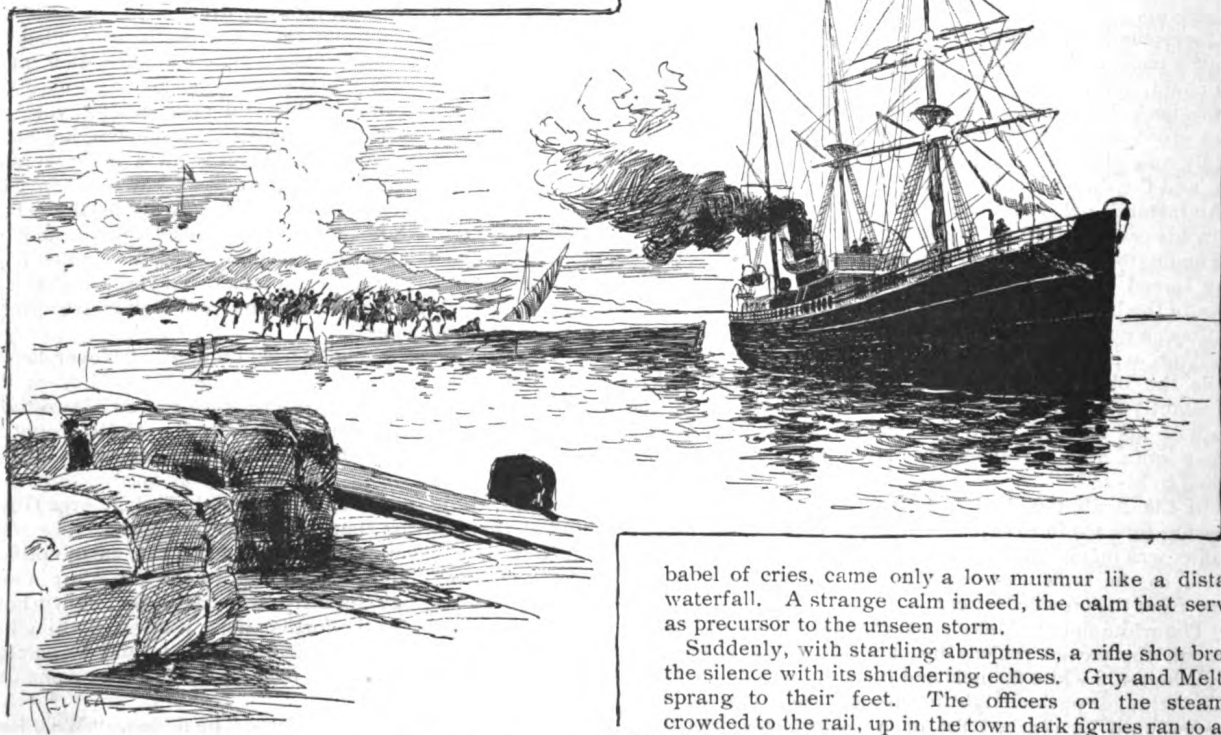
off on his way to India to execute a commission at Zaila. He made no reference to the dispatches, feeling doubtful whether it would be proper or not, for a government secret is a thing of weighty importance.

The conversation drifted to their perilous adventures in Burma and time passed on unheeded.

At last Melton glanced up.

"Do you observe how quiet it is?" he exclaimed. "And look! There are but few people in sight."

It was indeed quiet. A dead, oppressive calm had settled on the sea; not a breeze rustled, not a ripple broke the glassy surface of the water, and from the town, instead of the loud



THE ENRAGED MOB SWEEPED TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE WHARF.

his officers were smoking cigars against the rail, and catching sight of Guy, the former called out:

"Don't forget now. Six o'clock sharp."

Guy nodded, and followed Melton to one side, where the two sat down on a bale of cotton. Melton briefly explained how he came to be at Berbera. After his return from Burma he had been dispatched as war correspondent of the *London Post* to Suakim, which town was at that time threatened by the Mahdi.

Mombagolo, or Momba as Melton now called him, had become his faithful servant, and a week ago the war scare at Suakim having subsided, Melton had come to Berbera to write up the great fair for his paper.

Then Guy, in his turn, simply stated that he had stopped

babel of cries, came only a low murmur like a distant waterfall. A strange calm indeed, the calm that serves as precursor to the unseen storm.

Suddenly, with startling abruptness, a rifle shot broke the silence with its shuddering echoes. Guy and Melton sprang to their feet. The officers on the steamer crowded to the rail, up in the town dark figures ran to and fro, a soldier in bright uniform was seen speeding toward the garrison, and now plunging madly toward the wharf came a white clad figure, pursued by a howling group of Somali warriors, who brandished long spears and daggers. A shot from Melton's pistol brought them to a sudden halt, and Momba, for it was indeed he, ran a few paces and fell breathless at his master's feet.

"What fiendishness is this?" shouted the captain furiously from the deck of the steamer.

Momba staggered to his knees.

"The Arabs!" he cried. "They are coming—they have rifles—the Portuguese—he broke open long boxes—and handed out guns—Makar's man all have them—the Somalis have them—they have plenty shells—"

Guy ground his teeth.

"The infernal scoundrel!" he cried. "So that's what those long boxes of his contained."

"You mean Torres?" exclaimed Melton. "I know the villain. He is a partner of Makar Makolo's. But come. We must fight our way to the garrison."

Alas! too late! Bang—bang—bang, bang—bang, a fusillade of rifle fire rang out from the town, hideous yells of triumph mingled with cries of despair and agony, and over the garrison walls floated a constantly increasing cloud of white smoke. The firing deepened, and a hoarse yell arose as the English flag, shot from its staff, fluttered down into the curling smoke.

"They are murdering the garrison!" cried Melton.

He grasped a revolver in each hand, and would have gone madly forward, but at that moment a louder tumult burst forth close at hand, and swarming down the crooked street, curving in and out through the tents and heaped up stalls, came a fierce and frantic horde of Arabs and Somalis, waving rifles and spears, and yelling like ten thousand fiends.

"On board for your lives," shouted the captain, and, as Guy and Melton dashed over the gangplank, followed by Momba, a kick from the captain sent it whirling down into the water.

Providentially, steam was up, slowly the engines started, the screw revolved, and just as the steamer moved slowly out into the harbor, the enraged mob swept to the very edge of the wharf. In futile rage they let fly showers of spears and a scattering rifle fire that pierced and shattered the wood work of the vessel, but fortunately without effect, for every man had got safely below.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ALARM.

THEY rushed up on deck again as soon as the steamer was beyond rifle shot. A distant roar, like the blended shouts of thousands of people, floated across the water from the town and at intervals a shot was fired.

Smoke no longer hovered over the garrison. The last man had succumbed, and with the fall of the garrison the massacre seemed to have come to an end. The uprising had been directed against the British troops alone.

"This is a terrible thing," said Melton, "and there is something back of it all. I can't understand it. Can it be possible the wretches have designs on Zaila, I wonder? It's a pity you interfered with that leopard, Chutney. If Makar Makolo had perished, this revolt might never have broken out. Makar is at the head of it, I know, and possibly he has influence behind him. He is an ally of that fanatical despot, Rao Khan, the Emir of Harar, who hates the English worse than poison, and—"

Guy started at the mention of this name.

"I want to see you a minute, Forbes," he cried excitedly; and, leading Melton to one side, he pulled out the dispatches from his pocket, and said, "You have come closer to the truth than you imagine. I am going to confide a secret to you, and you can tell what had best be done. These papers were intrusted to me for delivery into the hands of Sir Arthur Ashby, at Zaila, and they contain instructions bearing on the very matter you have just mentioned. The authorities at the colonial office in London told me in secret that the Emir of Harar was supposed to be plotting the capture of Zaila, and these dispatches contain Sir Arthur's orders in case of that emergency."

"By Jove, that explains it!" cried Melton. "The emergency has come. I see it all. Makar had collected his Arabs and Somalis at Berbera by the Emir's orders, and they were only waiting the arrival of that villainous Portuguese with the rifles. They have put the garrison at Berbera out of the way, and now they will march on Zaila."

"Then what can be done?" demanded Guy. "Shall we proceed to Zaila, or get the captain to steam direct for Aden and collect all the available troops?"

"No, no," groaned Forbes. "That would be useless. Zaila is sixty miles up the coast. We can beat the Arabs, and get there in time to prepare the town for defense. The garrison is wretchedly small, but they will have to hold out until assistance can come from Aden."

Melton was still more astounded when Guy told him of the stealing of the dispatches.

"Then Torres knows their contents," he said, "and he will act accordingly. This is certainly a bad business, Chutney. Those papers must be delivered to Sir Arthur as soon as possible, though, to tell the truth, I fear Zaila is doomed. But we are losing precious time. Something must be done at once."

They called the captain aside, and told him just enough to impress him with the danger threatening Zaila, and he readily fell in with their plans.

Twilight was now falling, and by the time darkness had settled over the blue waters of the gulf, the steamer was plowing her way steadily northward, Berbera but faintly visible in the rear by the glow of the burning torches.

Hour after hour they steamed on. Neither Guy nor Melton could sleep, but sitting aft on camp stools they talked in whispers of the dread events they had witnessed, and of what might be before them.

At midnight the steamer came to a sudden stop. The machinery, exerted to the highest pressure, had broken in some part. A delay was inevitable, the captain assured them, but in a couple of hours the repairs could be made.

Morning came, revealing the distant yellow line of the African coast, but still the steamer lay at anchor, rocked gently by the blue waters of the gulf. It may be imagined with what a fever of impatience Guy and Melton lived through those weary hours.

It was nearly midday when the repairs were completed, and the vessel forged ahead again. For fear of fresh accidents, the captain refused to crowd on steam, and when at last the turrets and brown walls of Zaila came in view, it was late in the afternoon.

At a distance, all seemed peaceful; the English flag was floating from half a dozen different buildings of the town. In the harbor lay three or four Arab dhows and a neat little steamer, which the captain said belonged to the governor, and was used for transporting troops or dispatches.

Captain Waller anchored close by the town, and accompanied Guy, Melton and Momba on shore in a small boat. So far, at least, all was well.

A few Arabs and Somalis were sitting around lazily on the sand, and troops of the Bombay Infantry were seen moving about the streets.

"Appear as unconscious as possible," whispered Melton. "Let nothing be suspected."

A close observer might have detected traces of suppressed curiosity on the faces of the Arabs and Somalis, but they were evidently deceived by the careless manner of the new arrivals, for after a keen scrutiny they settled back into lazy attitudes.

"I don't like the looks of those fellows," said Melton, "and another thing I don't like is the presence of those Arab dhows in the harbor. But look, Chutney, there is the residency ahead of us."

They were approaching a low building of sun baked brick, with Venetian awnings at the entrance and the windows. Half a dozen sentries were on guard, and an officer came forward to meet the little party.

Guy saluted.

"I am the bearer of important dispatches for the governor of Zaila," he said, "and must see him at once."

The officer disappeared for a moment, and presently came back and announced that the governor would see them. They were ushered in through a wide hall, and, passing half along its length, they turned to the right, and found themselves in the presence of Sir Arthur Ashby. He was a very pompous looking man of middle age, with reddish mustache and long side whiskers. He was seated on an easy chair beside an ebony table. Opposite him sat an English officer.

They were smoking cigars, and on the table were glasses and champagne bottles packed in ice. Lamps were lit, for already twilight was falling.

He half rose as his visitors entered, and then dropped back. Guy briefly introduced himself and party, and handed Sir Arthur the dispatches, explaining how the seals came to be broken, but making no mention of Torres.

The governor knit his brow as he read them over, and then, to his companion, he remarked lightly: "All nonsense, all nonsense. Another government scare, Carrington."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Arthur," said Guy, "but I was informed in London of the tenor of those dispatches. Yesterday afternoon the Arabs at Berbera massacred the garrison to a man, and are doubtless now marching on Zaila. We barely escaped with our lives. Captain Waller, and Mr. Forbes and his servant will confirm my statement."

Sir Arthur sprang to his feet with a sharp cry.

"What is this you tell me?" he gasped. "Can it be true?"

Guy repeated his account, with all the particulars, but the governor actually seemed incredulous.

"Colonel Carrington," he cried, "how many troops have we?"

"Five companies of the Bombay Infantry," replied the colonel in a hollow tone. "We had six yesterday, but if this account be true—"

"Don't delay a moment," shouted Sir Arthur; "prepare for the defense, colonel, and see that the steamer is ready in case it comes to the worst."

The governor's condition was now truly pitiable. He was trembling with fright.

"There is indeed but little time," said Guy. "There is danger at your very door. I see many Arabs and Somalis in the town."

"True, true," groaned Sir Arthur, and, turning over the dispatches with trembling hands, he added: "I am instructed to order troops from Cairo and Suakim. What madness! What madness!"

Sir Arthur continued to talk in a rambling, excited way until Colonel Carrington assumed control of affairs.

"Your steamer is here now?" he said to the captain. "Then you must make haste to Aden, and bring us what troops you can. I doubt, though, if we can resist a heavy attack for twenty four hours. And you, gentlemen, you will return on the steamer?"

"No, we will remain," Guy and Melton replied almost in one voice.

The colonel glanced at them approvingly.

"You are brave men," he said. "Stop!" he added suddenly. "You say you left Berbera at sunset last night, and were delayed by an accident. Were there many camels there?"

"A caravan of two thousand arrived two days ago," replied Melton.

The colonel's face paled.

"Then the enemy are due here now," he said huskily. "On camels they could traverse the sixty miles in from fifteen to twenty hours. It is already dark," and he pointed out through the window.

At this Sir Arthur groaned aloud, and tossed down three or four glasses of champagne in rapid succession.

"To your steamer, quick!" cried the colonel, addressing Captain Waller; "and you gentlemen, since you decide to throw your fate in with ours, come with me, and we will inspect the fortifications, and do what little we can."

They had risen to their feet, and were giving a hasty look to their arms, when a bright flash lit up the gloom from without, followed by a sharp report, and at the same moment, from all quarters of the town, rose a continuous rifle firing, a violent uproar and shouting, and a deep beating of drums.

Sir Arthur sprang to his feet, crying frantically: "To the steamer, to the steamer—it is our only hope;" but before he could take a step the outer doors were burst open, shouts were heard in the hall, and then, through the curtained entrance, staggered blindly the young officer of infantry, his uniform torn and disheveled, and blood pouring from half a dozen wounds. He plunged forward, and rolled in a lifeless heap at the very feet of Colonel Carrington.

(To be continued.)

THE MYSTIC MINE;

OR,

STRANGE ADVENTURES IN MEXICO AND ARIZONA.*

BY WILL LISENBBE.

CHAPTER VI.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

WALTER RIVERS stood for a moment as if all power of action had left him. Never was any one taken more completely by surprise.

His first impulse was to spring toward the outlaw with the hope of grappling with him before he could use the gun; but a moment's reflection convinced him of the madness of such an act. A mocking smile curled the yellow lips of the Spaniard, and, as if divining the thoughts that passed through Walter's mind, he said, fiercely:

"*El diablo!* but I'd like to see you try some of your tricks on me. I'll drop you in your tracks."

"What do you mean?" asked Walter, trying to speak calmly. "What right have you to take my gun?"

An evil laugh escaped the outlaw's lips.

"What right have I, do you ask? I'll show you. Pedro, Francisco!"

Then followed a few words in the Mexican dialect. The next moment two evil looking Greasers stole from behind a clump of bushes, and stationed themselves by his side.

"Now," continued the outlaw, speaking in broken English, "I'm going to pay you for that blow you gave me—do you understand? I'm going to pay you off with interest, too, and I have called two witnesses to prove that I do so," and again he laughed a hard, bitter laugh.

"Do you see the big rocks up yonder?" he went on. "Well, I'm going to put a few holes in you, and hang you up there as a warning to people who are too free with their blows!"

Walter felt his heart sink within him. Well he knew the nature of the man he had to deal with—a murderer and a

*Begun in THE ARGOSY of last week.

robber—one who held human life as nothing. He knew his situation was a desperate one; but he must meet it unflinchingly, for any appeal for mercy would be worse than useless. He must make an attempt to escape, though the chances of success were ten to one against him.

If he could only gain time to think—to devise some plan. It would require all his skill and soberest judgment to outwit his merciless captor.

"I suppose you can murder me, if you see fit," said Walter, calmly. "I am unarmed and completely at your mercy. If you want to fight me and will give me a chance—"

The desperado answered with a taunting laugh.

"*El diablo!*" he exclaimed, "do you think me a fool? Why should I give you a chance for your life any more than a rattlesnake?"

The outlaw still held the rifle ready for instant use. He said something in the Greaser dialect to one of his companions, who hurried away, but soon returned, carrying a long rope.

Walter was a brave boy, but he turned pale as he saw the Mexican approaching. He cast a hurried glance about him, a look of terror and despair settling on his countenance.

The outlaw noticed this, and a gleam of malicious triumph lit up his evil face.

Just at that moment, a sudden thought came to Walter. He had forgotten to put any cartridges in the magazine of his Winchester, and consequently *it was harmless.*

No sooner had this glad thought come to him than he turned, leaped into the bushes, and ran swiftly down the canyon.

He had not taken a dozen steps when he heard the sharp click of his rifle as the hammer fell harmlessly against the steel, and then a muttered imprecation from Brazleton, as he threw the gun aside and drew a heavy pistol from his belt. But Walter was a swift runner, and had disappeared among the rocks and bushes before the outlaw could bring his new weapon into action.

With pistol in hand, Brazleton ran to the edge of the thicket, followed by the two Mexicans, but they did not venture further, as they evidently feared the fugitive might have friends not far away.

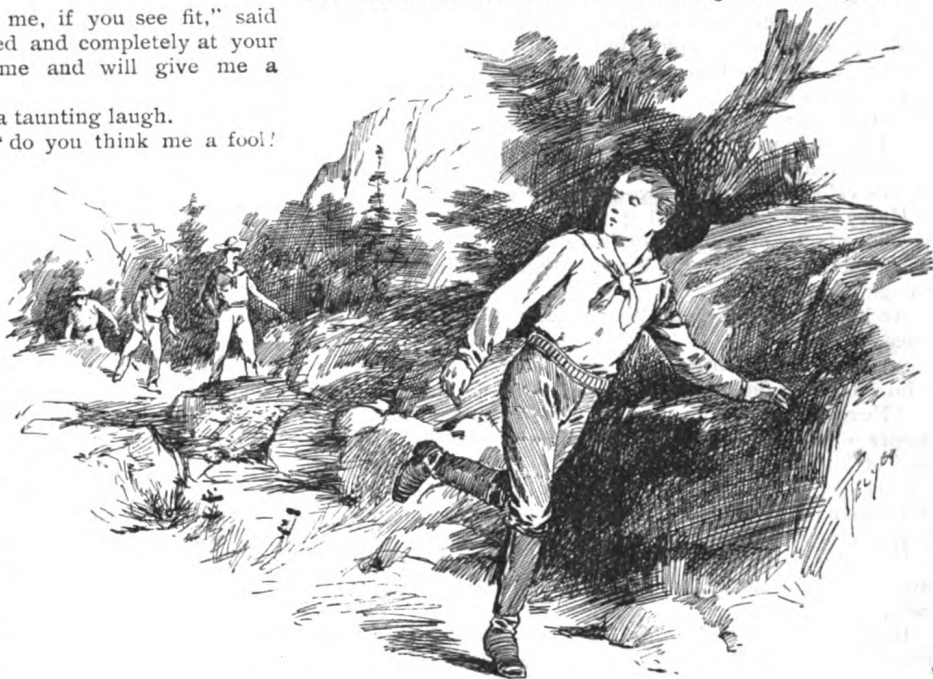
After scanning the thicket for several moments, without catching a sight of Walter, the outlaw uttered a succession of furious maledictions and retraced his steps to the spring.

When Walter dodged into the thicket, he changed his course, going eastward, and then continued down the canyon. He ran nearly a quarter of a mile before he ventured to stop. Then secreting himself in a dense clump of underbrush, he waited and listened for some sound of his pursuers.

After waiting several minutes, and hearing nothing of the enemy, he proceeded more leisurely down the valley. It would not do to attempt to reach his companions just yet. He felt sure that the outlaw would be lying in wait for him. The sun was already low in the horizon, and he resolved to conceal himself till dark.

He threw himself upon the ground in a chaparral thicket, where he waited till the shadows of night began settling over the valley. Then stealing cautiously from his covert, he left the basin and taking a circuitous route, hurried along in the direction of the camp.

He had traveled half a mile perhaps, when he was startled by hearing the tramp of hoofs. He cast his eyes in the direction of the sound, but could distinguish nothing in the



WALTER TURNED AND RAN SWIFLY DOWN THE CANYON.

darkness. Dropping flat upon the ground, where he would be secure from observation, he saw a mass of dark forms moving against the sky.

They were about a hundred yards to the west, and traveling on a southeasterly course. He could see three burros heavily packed, and as many men walking behind.

"It is Brazleton and his gang leaving the basin," muttered Walter, "and they are going in the direction of Dead Man's Canyon. Can it be possible that they are going in search of the Peg Leg Mine? What else could have brought them to the desert? And what strange fatality has placed that man in our way again?"

Walter remained upon the ground till the outlaw's party had disappeared from sight, then he arose and hurried off in the direction of the camp.

CHAPTER VII.

WALTER'S RETURN.

WE will now return to Mr. Sheldon and Harry Benedict, whom we left at the camp.

Harry awoke, and, sitting up on his blanket, saw Walter just starting down the valley. An hour later, when Mr. Sheldon roused himself, he found Harry was up, and had kindled a fire, preparatory to getting supper.

"Where is Walter?" asked the man.

"Gone to look for a turkey, or some kind of game," answered Harry.

"Well, I hope he'll be as successful here as he was at Creeks Canyon," said Mr. Sheldon.

"But I'm not going to wait supper in anticipation of such an event," laughed Harry.

The sun was just setting when this meal was ready. Still Walter had not returned. The last flame of sunlight faded from the gray rocks that towered above the basin, and night came rapidly down.

"I wonder what's keeping Walter," said Harry, starting up, and straining his eyes through the gathering darkness.

"It is time he was here," returned Mr. Sheldon. "But darkness sets in very rapidly in this latitude, and it is possible he has wandered off some distance, and night has come upon him unawares."

"He has been gone quite a while," said Harry uneasily.

"I think he will make his appearance shortly," returned Mr. Sheldon. "He is well armed, and there are no animals in this valley for which he would not be more than a match."

Harry, who was beginning to feel alarmed at Walter's prolonged absence, felt greatly relieved at the old man's words, and began busying himself about the camp, putting things in order.

An hour passed, and still Walter had not made his appearance.

"Hadn't we better go in search of him?" asked Harry, who was again feeling alarmed at his friend's absence.

"Never mind; I'll go, and you stay and mind the camp," answered Mr. Sheldon, who was already filling the magazine of his Winchester with cartridges. "I cannot account for his long absence, unless he has lost his way in the gloom. This seems to be the most plausible theory, but I'm going to prepare for an emergency, at any rate."

With this he slung his rifle across his shoulder, and strode away down the basin, and was soon lost to sight in the darkness.

In spite of what he had said to Harry, Mr. Sheldon was more alarmed at Walter's unaccountable absence than he cared to express. Something had happened to detain him, he was quite sure. But what could it be? If he had simply lost his way, he would certainly have signaled his companions by firing his gun.

Then, as the old man tried vainly to give some solution to the mystery, a thought came to him like a revelation. Who were the people who had lost the canteen they had found on the ranch? Might not they be in the basin at that very moment? Surely there could be no other party on their way to the Peg Leg Mine.

All these thoughts passed rapidly through Mr. Sheldon's mind, and he became more and more perplexed. He quickened his pace, and hurried on for nearly a mile down the basin, but could hear no sound to indicate the presence of any human being. He felt sure that Walter had not gone further than this, and he decided to return to camp by a circuitous route.

He stopped and listened intently for several moments; but no sound came to him, save the rustling of the leaves, as they were stirred into a tremulous murmur by the passing breeze. Then he lifted his rifle and fired three times in rapid succession.

Hardly had the echoes died away among the rocks west of the basin, when he heard the crack of a pistol in the direction of the camp.

Turning about, he hurried back up the valley, and on arriving at the camp he found that the missing one had already returned.

Great was the surprise of Mr. Sheldon and Harry when Walter related his adventure; but their astonishment was increased on learning that the outlaw and his party had quitted the basin, and gone toward Dead Man's Canyon.

"It seems very strange to me," said Mr. Sheldon, reflectively. "I cannot guess what could bring them to the desert. If they were following us, it might reasonably be supposed that they were bent on robbery; but the fact of their traveling ahead indicates some other motive. Can it be possible that they have gained some clew to the whereabouts of the Peg Leg Mine? I can find no other way to account for their presence."

"But how could they have found out anything regarding the mine?" asked Harry. "They could not possibly have any knowledge as to its exact location, and without such I can't see why they would be making this journey."

"Did you ever tell any one else about the mine?" asked Walter.

"No," answered Mr. Sheldon, "I never mentioned it to a living soul till I met you and Harry. The presence of Brazleton and his men in this part of the country is a mystery to me."

"Well," said Walter, "in any case we don't fear them, and can easily hold our own against them in an encounter. They have my gun, to be sure, but I don't think they have any cartridges, so it is useless to them."

"And we'll take care that they don't get the drop on us," responded Harry.

"Let us not borrow trouble over the matter," advised Walter, speaking cheerfully. "And I am just now reminded that I am as hungry as a wolf, and believe I can enjoy a taste of bacon and bread, if I can't get anything better."

"I knew you'd be hungry when you came back," answered Harry, "and I've kept the coffee pot on the coals for you, and think I can rustle up a pretty fair lunch."

He then brought the coffee forward, and soon had a substantial lunch spread, to which Walter did ample justice.

It was past eleven o'clock before an eye was closed in sleep. They thought it best for one of them to stand guard during the night. Harry took the first watch, which lasted till three o'clock, and then called Walter, who took his place, and continued the watch till daylight.

The following evening they explored the basin, but nothing could be seen of the outlaw's party. They found the place where they had camped, and then further down the valley discovered their trail, leading in the direction of Dead Man's Canyon.

"It is my opinion," said Harry, "that we have not seen the last of Brazleton and his men."

"You are right, Harry," answered Sheldon. "We must be constantly on our guard."

But little did they dream of the important part the outlaws were to play in the strange and thrilling adventures which were shortly to follow.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT DEAD MAN'S CANYON.

OUR little party ate an early supper, and active preparations were made to start on their journey.

Just as the sun went down across the broad waste of arid sands, having packed their supply of water and other effects on the two camels, the gold hunters began their long march for Dead Man's Canyon.

The journey was a tedious and exhausting one, but nothing daunted, they pushed on. They traveled by night, resting during the day, as the intense heat rendered travel while the sun shone almost impossible.

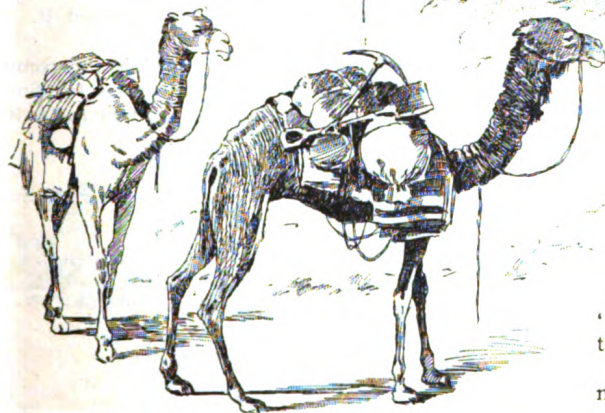
So hot were the days that they found it very difficult to sleep, and after having been three days on their journey they became so exhausted for want of slumber that they were

compelled to camp one night in the desert, in order to get their much needed rest.

Nothing occurred during their journey to Dead Man's Canyon worth recording, save the discovery of unmistakable evidence that the outlaw had gone straight toward the canyon. But the shifting sands soon covered the trail, and after the first day they lost all trace of it.

It took five nights' travel to complete the journey, and, having laid over one night, they arrived at their destination about seven o'clock on the sixth morning after leaving Black Basin.

Dead Man's Canyon, which lies in the heart of the Great American Desert, is about four miles in length, by two miles in width. It is watered by three springs that flow from under the high cliffs that form the western boundary. The canyon lies from thirty to one hundred feet below the surrounding country, and a dense growth of mesquite and



"SOME ONE HAS BEEN HERE AND DUG UP THE BOX."

chaparral flourishes in the vicinity of the springs. The trees are all small, and are mostly composed of oak, cottonwood, and sycamore, with a few stunted cedars and manzanitas along the cliffs.

Our little party, almost worn out with their long, hot journey, felt a sense of keenest enjoyment in being able to stretch themselves once more in the shade, where they could listen to the water murmuring over the rocks.

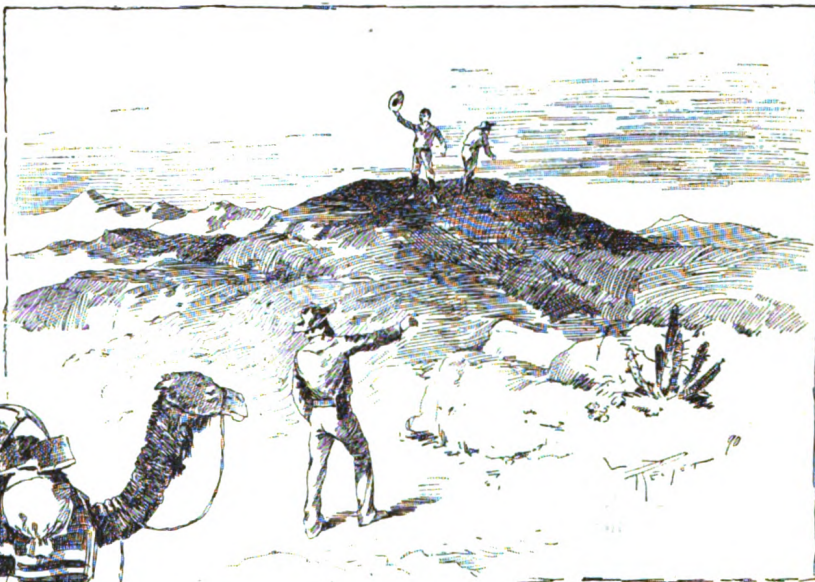
Finding a level plot of ground covered with grass, near the spring, they pitched their tent in the north part of the canyon. The camels were then unpacked and watered, after which they were led to a place in the valley where the short gramma grass grew quite abundantly. Here they were picketed to long lariats.

The tramp of over a hundred miles across the desert from Black Basin, had been a severe tax on the strength and endurance of the trio, and they felt that they stood greatly in need of a few days' rest before putting forth any efforts to locate the mine. No signs of the outlaws were discovered in that vicinity, though they could easily be camped somewhere farther down the canyon.

All that day and the following night were spent in securing the necessary recuperation to carry out their plans. The next morning found them greatly refreshed, however, merely a little stiff and sore from their long, toilsome tramp.

That evening Harry and Walter explored the canyon for a couple of miles to the south, but saw nothing of Brazleton or his men. No game of any kind was seen, and about sunset, the two boys returned to camp, to find that Mr. Sheldon had prepared supper and was awaiting their arrival.

"I'll tell you what," said Harry, "the smell of that coffee makes a fellow think of civilization, and almost makes me homesick."



"Well, I'm not going to feel homesick," rejoined Walter, "till after we get through with the Peg Leg Mine: and now that we are so near it, I am impatient to begin work."

"There's no hurry," responded the old man. "If the mine is what I think it is, it won't take us long to get all the gold we can carry conveniently."

They retired early that night, and though no signs of the outlaws had been discovered, it was thought best to keep guard to provide against surprise or attack.

The next morning they were up by daylight, and getting things in readiness to go in search of the mine.

"Now, the first thing to be done," said Mr. Sheldon, unrolling the map of Dead Man's Canyon, "is to discover the place where the directions for finding the mine are buried. That will not require much time, as we can go from here directly to the spot, I think; but as that is about ten miles away, it would be best for us to take a good supply of water with us, as we will doubtless find none there. Of course we will take all our camping outfit along, and be prepared for business in case we find the mine."

He spread the wrinkled map out on his lap, and they all three examined it attentively.

"It says 'ten miles west of Sabre Hill.' Do you know how we are going to tell Sabre Hill from any other hills that may be in the neighborhood?" asked Harry.

"Yes, I think we can manage that," answered Mr. Sheldon. "It may be that there is only one hill in that vicinity, and in that case it will be easy to locate."

"But there is another hindrance," said Walter. "How are we to guess at the proper distance, as we have no way of measuring it?"

"Of course that may bother us a little," replied Mr. Sheldon; "but I think we can overcome that difficulty. I

flatter myself that I can guess at it near enough for our purpose. I don't suppose the man who made this map ever measured the distance. The next thing to be done, then, is to look for Sabre Hill. If there is only one hill near this point, we will be pretty sure it is the right one, but say there are more than one, then we will be compelled to examine all of them till we find one that has a high rock standing near its summit—"

"I see—I see!" exclaimed Walter, "and I believe we can find the place without any trouble. Hurrah for the Peg Leg Mine!" and he took off his hat and threw it high into the air.

"Well," remarked Harry, "the sooner we get down to business, the sooner we'll get to work at the mine."

Hasty preparations were then made to move for the hill. The camels were led up to the tent and packed, and everything was soon in readiness for the journey.

Then taking a course due west—or as near it as they could judge by the position of the rising sun, they left the canyon and journeyed across the plain toward Sabre Hill.

As they proceeded they crossed several low, sandy hills, dotted here and there with groups of giant cacti, that stood like grim sentinels above the hot sands. Presently they came in sight of a chain of hills lying a few miles to the west and northwest, and toward these they pushed forward at a brisk walk.

After nearly two hours' travel, they arrived at a group of low, sandy hills; but none of them answered to the description of Sabre Hill. They halted, looking eagerly about them. Nearly two miles to the northwest they could see a

cone shaped hill rising above the plain, and beyond it a chain of sandy hills and rocky cliffs.

"That must be the place," said Mr. Sheldon, pointing to the cone shaped hill. "There is no other like it near."

"We can soon find out," returned Walter, and again they resumed their march, and were soon at the base of the hill.

Walter and Harry, overcome with enthusiasm, left the camels, and ran with all their speed toward the summit of the hill, followed slowly by the old man, who did not allow his enthusiasm to lead him into unnecessary exertion when a thermometer would have marked 110 degrees in the shade.

When he reached the top of the hill he saw the two boys standing near a large rock, evidently greatly excited.

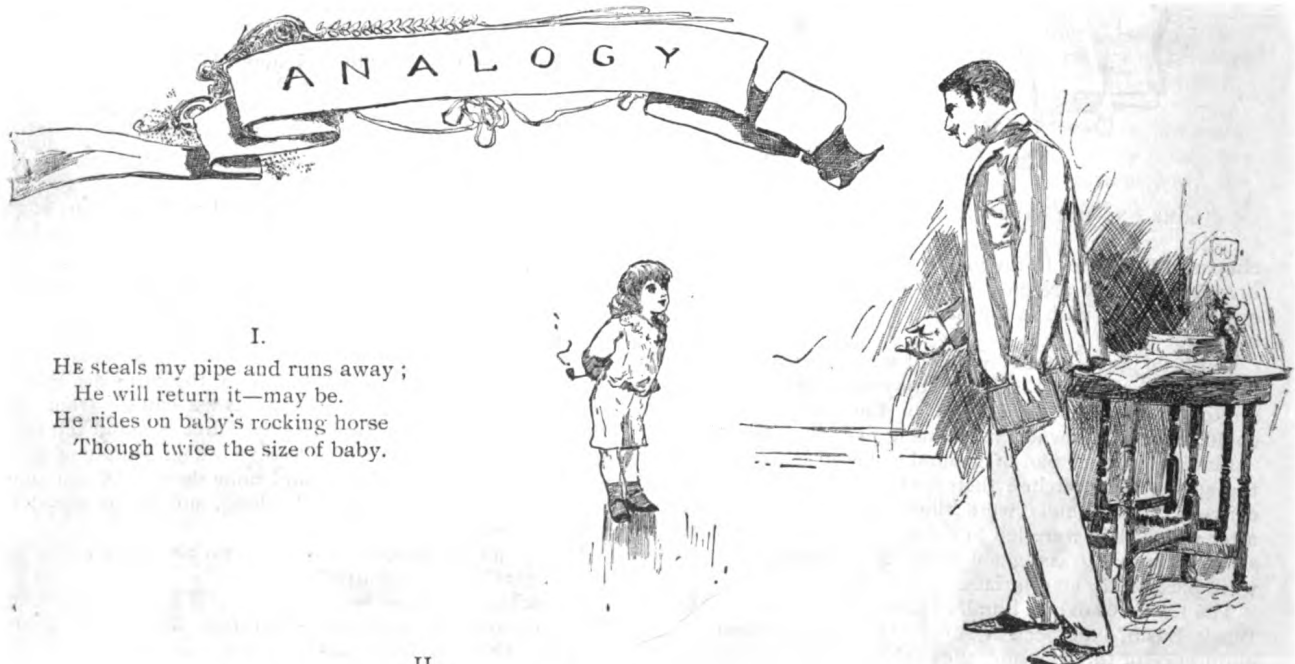
"What is it boys?" he asked as he came up.

"Oh, Mr. Sheldon," exclaimed Harry, "this is the place—but what does it mean? Some one has been here and dug up the box—"

Mr. Sheldon approached hastily, and as he drew near he saw an open hole at the foot of the large rock where the two boys were standing. Just then his eyes fell on a small wooden box, lying on the sands a few yards away. Hurrying forward, he picked it up and opened it. *It was empty!*

"Boys," said the old man, a look of dejection coming over his face, "we are too late. The directions for finding the mine are gone, and I believe they are now *in the hands of Brazleton and his men!*"

(To be continued.)



I.

He steals my pipe and runs away;
He will return it—may be.
He rides on baby's rocking horse
Though twice the size of baby.

II.

He yells and screams, and will not cease
For spankings half a dozen.
There is no nuisance in the world
Like my small second cousin.

III.

And this is how I understand
Why I, in waists and "panties,"
In earlier years was not beloved
By uncles or by aunts.

HOME DISCIPLINE.

A PRACTICAL METHOD OF DEALING WITH THE LIQUOR QUESTION.



I.

MRS. CROW—"I declare, here comes your father home in a disgusting state of intoxication."



II.

"Now, Mr. Crow, aren't you ashamed of yourself? What have you been drinking?"



III.

"Something good for a cold, eh? Kerchoo! I feel a little cold coming on myself."



IV.

MR. CROW—"Hold on, Mrs. Crow! For goodness sake don't drink it all!"



V.

But Mrs. Crow did not stop until the last drop of the alleged cough medicine had disappeared.



VI.

MRS. CROW—"Now I can go to sleep in peace, with the assurance that you have no liquor in the house."

ONE BOY'S HONOR;
OR,
THE FREAKS OF A FORTUNE.*
A STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SWIM FOR LIBERTY.

ANDY soon found his position on the flying jib boom far from comfortable, and the prospect of early relief very dubious. His left arm was thrown over the spar, while his feet rested on the footrope.

To retain his position on the slack and oscillating rope, it was necessary for him to brace his body against the boom, and retain a firm hold about it at the same time. In his bruised and exhausted condition, even this continued exertion began to tell on him. His right arm was almost as useless as if it had been paralyzed, and pained from shoulder



CAPTAIN ANDY.

to wrist, while his head throbbed and ached as if it would burst.

Added to this, his wet clothing clung closely to him, and the cold and dripping fog seemed to penetrate to his very marrow. Andy shivered with cold, and glanced toward the forecastle to see if Captain Catorce was still there, or if any of the crew were interested in watching his movements.

He could only indistinctly make out some moving figures through the mist, and, as no one spoke, the brutal captain

was evidently still somewhere in the vicinity. The sailors were rough and ignorant men; still Andy had no doubt but there was not one among them who had not more heart than their barbarous captain, and would have interfered in his behalf had they not feared the consequences which would be meted out to them during a long voyage. It was useless to hope for any assistance from them, at least at present.

Would the captain keep his word, and compel him to stay there till morning? If so, would he be able to retain his precarious position that long? He felt that it was very doubtful indeed, and in that case it was a choice between being drowned and becoming the victim of the captain's unwarranted cruelty. If Captain Catorce intended to put him out of the way, he certainly had lost no time in beginning his murderous work.

Andy told himself that anything was preferable to returning aboard the bark to be treated worse than a dog, and perhaps killed outright. It would be very easy to loosen his hold, drop into the water, and take his chances. He could keep himself afloat as long as his strength lasted, and then, if no succor was at hand, he could only drown. That was to be desired, he thought, with a grim smile, rather than to be murdered by inches.

With this reflection in his mind, Andy glanced down at the dark waters under him. The bark was not moving as rapidly through the water as when she struck the launch, for the wind had died almost completely out with the coming of the fog.

Andy then wondered what part of the bay they were in. He calculated that they must be somewhere in the Narrows, or just below them. The launch had been run down in the vicinity of Bedloe's Island, for when the light on that place had gone out they were only a short distance from it, and the accident happened a few minutes later.

Though he felt that what he had gone through had taken hours, he knew, from this calculation, it could not have been more than half an hour at the outside since the collision.

Therefore he was positive that they could not be further than just below the Narrows, if indeed they were through them yet.

He raised his eyes and glanced about him. Several lights glimmered faintly through the fog to port. Andy gazed intently at them, and then he saw something that made his heart beat with renewed hope.

The fog was slowly lifting and thinning out, and finally he recognized the lights as those on the steamboat wharf just above Fort Hamilton. In a few minutes they would be abreast of the Ulysses's anchorage, and he hoped by that time he could make out her signal lights.

Had Captain Catorce noticed the lifting of the fog, and would he order him to come aboard? If he did not do so very soon, Andy told himself he would not find him there to obey, for he had fully determined to make an effort to reach the yacht.

With straining eyes, and no thought of his aching bones now, he peered ahead and along the shore. Very soon he sighted the lights of a vessel at anchor, and as soon as he could make out her outline, he knew by their position it was the Ulysses.

As soon as he was abreast of the yacht he determined to drop as noiselessly into the water as possible, and swim for her. In his normal condition he would have thought nothing of such a swim, but in his present state he had serious doubts as to the success of the venture.

He then remembered the faithful Fluster, and wondered if Captain Catorce would vent his vengeful feelings on him.

*Begun in No 394 of THE ARGOSY.

When Andy thought of this, the cabin boy's devotion, and his wounded arm, which he had received in his behalf, he felt very reluctant to desert him in this fashion. But he consoled himself with the belief that it was not likely Fluster would be treated as inhumanly as he had been, for undoubtedly he, Andy, was the real person wanted in the shanghaiing. And besides, as Fluster had nothing at stake, and could, from past experience, better stand the hardships of a long voyage, he would undoubtedly turn up again all right.

When these things had gone through his mind, Andy saw that the bark was on a line with the yacht's lights. Without hesitation he swung himself down on the headstays, and thence to the martingale.

As he lowered himself gently into the water to avoid making a splash that would have probably attracted the attention of some one on the bark, he thought how strange it was that he should be putting himself in the same perilous position from which he had been rescued only a short time before.

As soon as he found himself afloat, he released his hold on the spar, and struck out vigorously in the direction of the Ulysses's lights.

Fortunately, as we have said, the bark was moving slowly, and with three or four lusty strokes he swam clear of her hull. Not a sound came from the vessel, as she receded into the darkness and fog, but the dismal clang of her fog signal, and no one had noticed that he had disappeared from his position on the jib boom.

Andy now prepared himself for a severe test of his endurance, the ultimate success of which was a very doubtful problem. His right arm was of very little assistance to him in propelling himself through the water, and could only be used as a slight aid in keeping himself afloat.

He used his feet and left arm, and swam on his right side. He kept his eyes on the signal lights, which he had been careful to locate before starting on his hazardous attempt.

His progress was necessarily slow, and after ten minutes of continued exertion it did not seem that he had approached any nearer the lights. He soon began to feel the effect of his efforts, and with a shiver of dread noted that the tide was running out.

As he had started almost exactly opposite the yacht, this would compel him to swim against the current at the same time he propelled himself forward. This was a further tax on his strength, and Andy had serious doubts of his ability to win in the unequal contest.

He struggled determinedly onward, however, and told himself he would never give up till he was deprived of the power of motion.

His breath began to come in short, heavy gasps, and his limbs felt as if they were weighted down with lead. He tried to float on his back to regain his wind, but he was so exhausted, he did not have the power to do so.

Again he renewed his exertions, and he now noted that he was much nearer the yacht. Would his strength enable him to reach her? Every movement he now made seemed to be his last, and, with little hope that it would be heard, Andy gave forth a cry for help.

"Help! help!" he shouted, with all the power he could summon to his voice.

It sounded muffled and unnatural, as if he were confined in a close and thick walled room. There was no answer to his cry, though there appeared to be a movement of persons on board the yacht.

"Hello! the Ulysses, help, help!" he yelled, summoning all his remaining strength of lung in a final effort.

"All right," called a voice which, even in his extremity, Andy recognized as Captain Manning's. "Where away?"

"On your port quarter; hurry up," replied Andy, intensely relieved, and now devoting all his attention to simply keeping afloat.

There was a rattling of blocks and tackle, and in an incredibly short time a boat was pulling in the direction of our hero.

He was ready to give up when they reached him, and it required all his strength of will to keep from fainting.

"Captain Andy Raymond!" cried Garboard, the mate, with intense amazement, as Andy was lifted into the stern sheets.

Andy was so completely prostrated he could not speak a word. It was a sweet relief to his bruised and wearied limbs, and violently throbbing heart, simply to lie still, with the consciousness that he was out of all peril.

With tender care the boat's crew lifted him to the deck of the Ulysses.

"Captain Andy!" gasped Captain Manning, more astonished, if possible, than the mate had been. "How is this?" "I have been shanghai'd, captain," weakly replied Andy, who had by this time recovered sufficiently to speak. "You will please get under way at once."

Captain Manning and Garboard almost carried him to his cabin, where he was soon divested of his clothing and put to bed. The captain remained with him to administer to his needs, while the mate went on deck to superintend getting under way.

After Manning had dosed Andy with hot brandy, and rubbed him all over with oil and liniment, the boy sank into a deep sleep, and was not conscious of what was going on about him till the next morning.

Meanwhile the yacht's fires, which had been banked, were started up, and the engineer soon signaled he was ready to start the screw. The steam windlass for weighing the anchor had just been put in motion, and Garboard was preparing to ring the gong to go ahead at half speed, when a row-boat, containing three men, loomed up from the darkness and fog.

"On board the steamer," shouted one of the men.

"What do you want?" called Garboard.

"You've got a man aboard we want."

"Well, you can't have him," said the mate quickly, concluding they were from the vessel on which Andy had been kidnaped.

"I guess you'll change your tune when I get aboard of you," said the speaker in the boat.

The small boat rapidly approached the yacht. Seeing they were determined to come aboard, Garboard rang the gong to go ahead, and shouted from the pilot house window:

"Sheer off, I tell you, or some of you will get hurt."

The men paid no attention to his warning, and the boat dashed up quickly alongside the yacht.

"Stand by to throw those fellows off, Carlsen," ordered Garboard.

Carlsen was the quartermaster in the place of Bitts, and he and three of the crew rauged themselves along the rail to meet the boarders.

As a man leaped up with the painter of the boat in his hand, Carlsen grasped him by the collar.

"Hold on," gasped the fellow: "I'm——"

He never finished what he intended to say, for the quartermaster twisted his fingers in his collar and hurled him backward into the boat.

The Ulysses had got under headway by this time, and Garboard rang the jingle to go ahead at full speed.

Amidst shouted imprecations, and some other words which could not be distinguished, the boat and its occupants were left rapidly astern.

Then the yacht was slowed down to half speed.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON BOARD THE ULYSSES.

THE fog continued to lift slowly, and the Ulysses was still maintained at half speed. Garboard gave out the course S. S. E. and Carlsen, who was also captain of the port watch, took the wheel.

After entering the hour on departure on the log slate, the first officer returned to the cabin to ascertain the condition of the young captain. Mr. Manning, as we shall now have to call him, met Garboard in the main saloon and reported that Andy would soon recover from his violent exertions and bruises. He said he was then sleeping, and, with a good night's rest, he had no doubt he would be as good as new by morning.

Garboard then told of the men who had come alongside, and how he had got rid of them. Mr. Manning received the report with a good deal of satisfaction, for he too was convinced that they were looking for Captain Andy.

Many were the speculations indulged in by the sailing master and mate regarding the manner in which the young captain had been shanghaied, as he stated he had been, and by whom. They asked themselves many questions which could only be answered by Andy himself, among which were :

What had become of the naphtha launch with Bitts and Fluster in charge? Who had bruised Andy up as if he had been in a prize fight, and how had he managed to turn up, almost drowning, within a few rods of the yacht?

As these questions have already been answered for the reader, we will leave the two officers to theorize as to the correct answers, and return to the deck.

And while Carlsen is at the wheel, with the port watch clustered down under the lee of the pilot house talking in low tones, and there is nothing to disturb the quietness but the hiss and gurgle of the waves as they are split by the yacht's sharp cutwater, we will make the reader better acquainted with the Ulysses.

She has been introduced to your notice quite often since we began to tell you of Andy Raymond, and we are quite sure you will be interested in hearing something as to the "cut of her jib."

As has already been told in the advertisement inserted in the newspapers by Colonel Lagrange, she was 180 feet long over all, 26 feet beam, drew 13 feet, and was 320 tons register, which is almost as large as some of our coastwise steamships. She was schooner rigged, with the usual fore and aft sails, though her foremast had yardarms on which a square sail, a topsail and a topgallant sail could be set when it was desired to hurry her. Her engines were triple expansion, 500 horse power, Hyde's patent, with all the latest improvements. She was not built so much for speed as for comfort, though she could make fourteen and one half knots with her engine alone right along, and, under full sail in a lively breeze, she had logged over eighteen.

Her ship's company, or full complement of a crew, numbered twenty four, including the captain. There were two engineers, four firemen, a sailing master, a mate, a quartermaster, a steward, a cook, a cabin boy or waiter, a porter and ten seamen.

The chief engineer, Hapgood Locher, was an old schoolmate of Andy's who had chosen to learn mechanical engineering in preference to a profession, and he had gone with the yacht the season before, and this, simply for the

experience, though he was paid a regular salary. He loved an engine as an ardent hunter loves his gun or a horse, and could not only run one but build one as well.

Fluster, the cabin boy, had been picked up by Andy two years before, wandering about the city sick and friendless, after having returned from a hard voyage to the East Indies.

The balance of the crew had been selected by Mr. Manning, and most of the seaman had seen service in the navy during or after the war.

The Ulysses had a flush deck which was blind finished white pine, clean as a lady's parlor, while her stanchions and bulwarks were of mahogany heavily bound with brass. Her masts were of Oregon pine, without flaw or blemish, lofty and beautifully tapering, and her standing rigging was of wire. The joiner work throughout was mahogany and birdseye maple.

There were two steering wheels, one forward in the pilot house, and the other aft near the stern. Both were bound in brass, and in front of each was a compass and indicator.

Though her mission was a peaceful one, she had four eighteen pounder brass cannon, two on a side, well forward, mounted on mahogany carriages. Though they had never been used in any more serious business than firing salutes, they had been provided in case of an emergency when visiting out of the way portions of the globe where there were savage natives.

The strictest man of war discipline was maintained in the government of the crew, and when they were beat to quarters they could handle the four guns with a quickness and precision that was beautiful to see, though there were not enough of them to give each piece a full gun's crew. One of these guns played an important part in an exciting experience before the yacht returned to New York again, but we will tell of that in the proper place.

The yacht's main saloon was luxuriously furnished with heavy raw silk portieres, rich velvet carpet, and beautifully patterned silk plush. Opening into this were the captain's cabin and three guest chambers all elaborately finished. Forward of the saloon was the dining room and library tastefully finished in antique oak and with stamped leather furniture.

Still beyond this forward were the kitchen, sailor's quarters and officers' mess room and cabins; but Andy was not "stuck up" and preferred that Mr. Manning, Garboard and Locher should eat at the cabin table.

The yacht was ventilated throughout with hammered copper ventilators, which were an ornament rather than otherwise, to her deck. With steam heat, hot and cold water and electric light in every apartment, the Ulysses was a veritable palace afloat, the luxuriant elegance of which would tempt the veriest "land lubber" to "a life on the ocean wave." To Andy she now seemed more like home than any place else, and for that reason he would have objected to having her sold even if he had had no more urgent motive.

He was not disturbed during the night, and no unusual sound reached his luxurious cabin, though something surprising did happen before morning.

It was about four bells, or ten o'clock, and the yacht was still going ahead at reduced speed, as the fog had not entirely cleared.

"Sail ho!" called the lookout on the topgallant fore-castle.

"Where away?" asked the quartermaster, as he leaned out of the pilot house window, and peered into the darkness.

"Close on the port bow," returned the lookout.

"Can you make her out?" continued Carlsen.

"Hardly, sir, but I think she's a small schooner close hauled, an' if she don't tack pretty soon, she'll be afoul of us."

Carlsen rang one bell to stop the screw, and the Ulysses lost her headway. At the same moment a trail of light shot up from the approaching craft, and a rocket burst in the dark vault overhead.

"A pilot boat," muttered Carlsen, recognizing the signal.

"What does she mean? Can't them fellers see we're not bound for New York, an' we're not in the track of pilots for Philadelphia yet."

The schooner rapidly approached, and as she rounded to, and came up beautifully in the light air then blowing, with in only a short distance of the yacht, Carlsen remarked to himself with a grim smile:

"No danger of them fellers gettin' run down. As we don't want no pilot, we'll not answer that rocket, an' start her up agin."

He was about to signal to go ahead, when a hail came from the pilot boat.

"On board the steamer."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Carlsen.

"Is that the Ulysses of New York?"

"Yes, sir. What do you want?"

"We have one of your crew who has been badly hurt, and want to put him aboard."

"All right, send him aboard," said the quartermaster, as he dispatched one of the crew to call Mr. Garboard.

Before the schooner could get her small boat into the water, Garboard was on deck awaiting her approach. Carlsen quickly made his report, and the first officer wondered whether it was Bitts or Fluster who was being brought aboard, as they were the only members of the crew missing.

In a few minutes the small boat was close alongside the steamer. The landing steps and platform were lowered, and a figure was assisted to the latter from the pilot's yawl.

"Good by, lad; you better get that arm fixed, an' dressed, or you'll lose it," said one of the pilots in kindly tones.

The figure slowly climbed the short steps, and when it reached the deck Garboard and the whole port watch were filled with amazement and sympathy.

"I've come on board, sir," said Fluster, for it was he, as he raised his left hand weakly to his forelock in salute.

He was certainly a sorry looking object. He had been supplied with a dry pair of trousers and a shirt several sizes too large for him, in place of his own soaking garments, and they flapped about him like the rags of a scarecrow in a cornfield. His wounded arm hung in an ample sling made of a gayly figured bandanna through which the blood from his wound had worked its way. His face was as pale as a piece of chalk, and his black hair, with no covering, was in the wildest disorder.

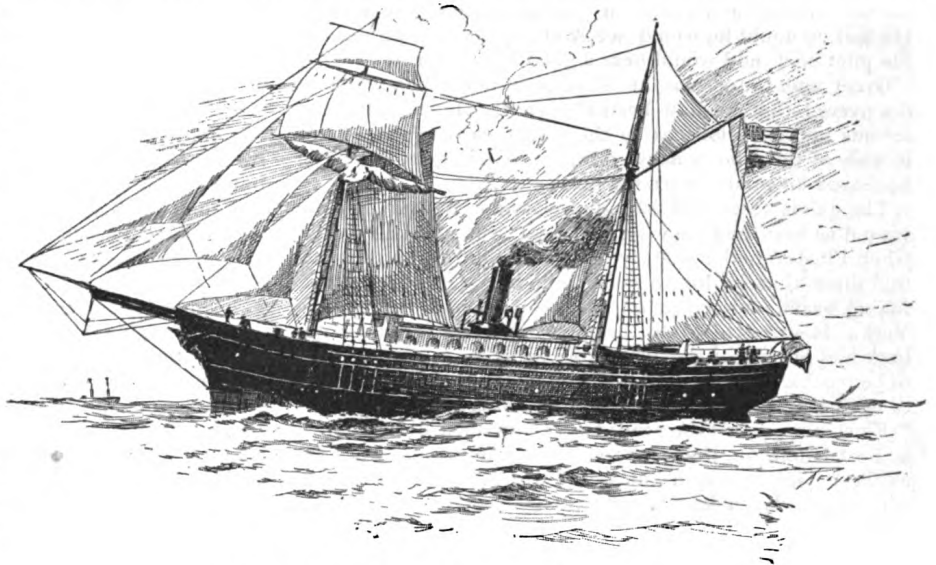
"Is Captain Andy aboard?" he asked in low, weak tones, as if almost afraid to put the question.

Upon being told that the young captain was asleep in his cabin, a smile of satisfaction crossed his wan face.

"Good for the captain," cried he, with an effort, and then sank almost fainting to the deck.

He was taken to his berth next to the steward's stateroom, off the dining saloon. Garboard, who was something of a surgeon, soon had his wound properly cleansed and dressed.

During the operation, under the stimulus of a powerful tonic administered by the mate, the patient told all that had happened to him since leaving in the launch with Bitts. As the reader is familiar with that portion of his narrative up



THE STEAM YACHT ULYSSES UNDER FULL SAIL.

to the time Fluster lost consciousness on the forecabin of the bark, we will tell it from there.

When he again became aware that he was in the land of the living, he found himself in a bunk, with all about him in darkness. His wet garments were still clinging to him, and he felt far from comfortable. No attention had been given to him or his wounded arm.

He quickly surmised where he was, and endeavored to get out on the floor. But he was too weak to accomplish it, and sank back into the bunk. Sharp pains shot through his arm and shoulder from his wound, and he was consumed with an intolerable thirst, occasioned no doubt by a liberal dose of brandy which had been poured into him.

He called out weakly, hoping to bring some one to him, but the tramping of feet, and the bawling of orders, drowned his voice. He tossed about from side to side, suffering far more from thirst than from his wound, for what seemed to him an interminably long time.

At last he heard some one moving about in the forecabin, and then the swinging lamp was lighted.

"A drink of water, partner," said Fluster, hoarsely.

"All right, my hearty," responded one of the sailors, not unkindly.

The water was brought, and when Fluster had drunk a generous quantity, he felt much better.

"Come, matey," said the sailor, "you are to go off to a pilot boat which has hove to alongside."

Though he had been too weak to stand only a few minutes before, this information infused new energy into Fluster's limbs.

He got out on the floor, and followed the sailor to the

deck, without giving a thought as to what had induced the captain of the bark to send him off.

"Where is Captain Andy?" asked he, as two of the men assisted him into the yawl. He then thought perhaps the young captain was the one who had secured their release.

"You mean the feller what was with you?" asked one of the sailors.

"Yes."

"Oh, he's gone already."

Fluster thought it was rather strange that the yawl should make two trips to the pilot boat, when she could have carried himself and Andy at the same time just as well. He had no doubt he would see Andy as soon as he reached the pilot boat, and would hear a good reason for it.

Great and bitter was his disappointment then when he discovered that he had been deceived. He had the most serious apprehensions as to the young captain's fate, and, in view of the sailor's answer that "he had gone already," he feared he would never see him again.

The pilots furnished him dry clothing, and dressed his wound as best they knew how. Great was their indignation when Fluster told his story. The captain of the bark had told them that he had a sailor, who had been injured by a falling block, and requested them to take him back to New York. It was evident to the pilots that the captain of the bark had got rid of Fluster simply because he did not want to be troubled with a wounded boy, who would not be able to work his passage for some time to come.

Fluster requested the pilots to put him aboard the *Ulysses* at Fort Hamilton, if she was still there, as soon as possible, as there might yet be a chance of overtaking the bark and rescuing Andy, or learning his fate.

They were beating slowly up the Jersey coast toward Sandy Hook when the *Ulysses* was sighted, and as the pilots were perfectly familiar with her appearance, they recognized her at once. How they signaled the yacht, and transferred Fluster to her, has already been told.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME EXPLANATIONS AND A CHASE.

"DO you mean to say you never sent me that note asking me to send the launch to Pier 26, Captain Andy?"

It was Mr. Manning, the sailing master, who spoke, and he, with his young captain, first officer Garboard, and chief engineer Locher, were gathered about the breakfast table next morning about six bells.

Andy had doffed his shore clothes for a natty blue yachting suit, trimmed with a profusion of gold lace, and resplendent with brass buttons. His face was pale, and his right arm hung in a sling.

He had just finished detailing his experiences of the night before, and Mr. Manning had handed him a typewritten note, signed in ink apparently by himself.

"That's just what I do mean," laughed Andy. "I didn't write it any more than Mr. Garboard wrote this, though I had no particular reason to doubt the genuineness of *his* note."

He handed the missive he had received from the tough looking messenger the evening before, to the sailing master, who was seated on his right.

Mr. Manning examined it with much curiosity, and passed it over to Garboard.

"I never saw this before, Captain Andy," protested the latter, earnestly. "I ain't much of a writer, but I can show a better fist than this."

"I know you never did, Mr. Garboard, and I was satis-

fied of that when that man Bunker began his little game. If I had been familiar with your penmanship, it wouldn't have taken me in."

"But how do you explain that note to me, Captain Andy?" asked Manning.

"I don't pretend to, Mr. Manning," responded Andy, as he studied the sheet before him with a puzzled look. "There's my signature the same as if I had written it myself, and the paper has the business card of Colonel Lagrange in one corner, as if it had been written in his office. I certainly cannot blame you for being deceived."

"There's certainly been a very clever rascal at work in this piece of business, Andy," remarked Hapgood Locher, the chief engineer; "but it's very strange they should want to shanghai a young man of your wealth and position."

"I can explain it only by supposing Captain Catorce intended to take me off somewhere and hold me for a ransom," said Andy, though he had pretty well decided for himself that his captors had intended something more serious than merely depriving him of his liberty. He had begun to have a settled conviction that Murdock or his cousin had had something to do with the events of the last few days, but he did not care to explain matters to his officers, or even to his intimate friend, Hapgood Locher.

Mr. Manning knew of the firing of the yacht, and the attempt on his life on board the *Grecian Monarch*, but he had no suspicions as to the perpetrators of those outrages. He supposed Andy had an enemy for some cause, and that the young captain was as ignorant as himself as to that enemy's identity. Remembering the young captain's caution to say nothing about what happened, Manning refrained from commenting on this third attempt until he should have a favorable opportunity to speak to him alone.

"That's certainly the only plausible explanation that could be given for the outrage, unless you have an enemy," said Locher, in response to Andy's suggestion.

"If I have, I don't know him," laughed Andy; "and I don't care to make his further acquaintance."

"But, Captain Andy, how do you suppose the writer of that note got hold of paper from Colonel Lagrange's office, and managed to forge your signature so accurately?" asked Manning.

"Now you're too hard for me, Mr. Master. I fear it is one of those things no fellow can find out. I can understand that the writer put the body of his note in typewriting so as to avoid the labor of forging the whole thing; and besides, it is likely he only had my signature to copy from."

"He was a sharp one, whoever he is," repeated Locher.

"Yes; and I'm out of the trap he laid for me," said Andy, looking down at his injured arm. "The only thing that keeps me from being happy now is the knowledge that poor Fluster, with his wound, is left to receive the kicks and blows of that brutal Captain Catorce. I was a long time making up my mind to leave the boy."

"Oh, he'll turn up all right; he's like a cat—got nine lives, and always falls on his feet," laughed Locher.

"I hope so," said Andy, seriously.

"By the way, Mr. Manning, what's your new steward's name?" he continued, as that individual appeared with white cap and apron in the passage leading to the pantry.

"Wesley Waddington," replied Manning, with a smile. "He says he has seen better days, and is a gentleman in reduced circumstances."

"Judging by his name, he must be one of the fallen Four Hundred," laughed Andy. "Have you got any one to assist him in Fluster's place?"

"Yes, sir; we picked up a lad yesterday evening who had been waiter on a yacht for some time."

"What is his name, and why isn't he attending to his duties?"

"I declare, I'll have to let you ask him about that," said Garboard, with a chuckle.

He reached over to one side and touched an electric bell. Fluster immediately appeared in the dining room door with a waiter in his left hand, while his right, bound in splints, hung in a sling.

"Fluster, by all that's wonderful," cried Andy, rising to his feet in astonishment.

"Two of a kind," laughed Locher, indicating Andy's bandaged arm.

"Report for duty, sir," said Fluster, with a faint smile.

"I guess not yet, my boy," said Andy decidedly. "Put down that waiter, and tell me how you got here."

Thereupon Fluster repeated what he had told Garboard the night before, and what we have already told the reader.

He had hardly completed his narrative when they heard a dull, sullen boom, as if from a cannon at no great distance. Garboard was about to start to the deck to learn where it came from, when one of the sailors appeared at the dining saloon door.

"Mr. Carlsen, sir, says there's a revenue cutter coming rapidly up, and she has fired that shot for us to lay to," reported he, saluting.

Garboard went on deck, followed by the chief engineer. Andy glanced meaningly at the sailing master.

"Do you know what I think, Mr. Manning?" asked he, quickly.

"That that revenue cutter has been sent after you by your guardian to bring the Ulysses back to New York," replied Manning, without hesitation.

"Just so; but I don't propose she shall be taken back," said Andy in decided tones.

"How are you going to avoid it, Andy?"

"Make a run for it."

"But she will signal us again, and maybe next time her bark will have a bite to it," cautioned Manning.

"I don't care if it has. I'll risk it in this case, for I don't think they will take the responsibility of firing a shot at us."

"Are you sure it is best to do this, Andy?" asked Manning earnestly.

"Are you afraid?" retorted Andy quickly, glancing at the sailing master's face as if to detect signs of fear there.

"Not at all, Captain Andy; you shall not have occasion to ask me that question again," said Manning, and it was evident he felt hurt at the imputation, slight though it was. "I only wanted you to be sure you were right. I am subject to your orders."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Manning," began Andy, regretting his hasty insinuation, "I didn't mean—"

At that moment the gong in the engine room sounded, and the yacht's screw stopped revolving.

Without finishing what he had started to say, Andy sprang up the dining saloon stairs. He passed a figure crouched at the head of them as if in abject terror. Glancing hastily at it, he saw it was Wesley Waddington, the new steward, and that his face was as white as that of a corpse.

With a feeling of contempt for the man with the high sounding name, and without even glancing at the approaching vessel, Andy ran to the after steering wheel and rang the gong and speed bell in rapid succession. He then went to the pilot house, and by the time he arrived there the yacht had nearly regained the headway she had lost by the short stoppage of her screw.

Mr. Manning followed him to the pilot house, and glanced back at the government vessel.

"She's gaining on us, Captain Andy," reported he.

"I see she is, but I don't think she will keep it up long," said Andy, in confident tones.

"Mr. Locher," continued he, addressing the chief engineer, who was standing outside near the windows, "give her all she can stand. We're making a very poor showing."

Mr. Locher went below, and in a very short time there was a perceptible increase in the yacht's speed. She shook and trembled under the increased pressure of steam. She was now holding her own with the cutter astern.

This did not satisfy Andy, and he turned to the sailing master and said:

"Mr. Manning, call all hands and set the foresail."

"Very good, sir," responded Manning, as he repeated the order to first officer Garboard.

The Ulysses was then making at least twelve knots an hour, but Andy knew she could do better than that, and that with all sails set, and the wind almost dead astern, as it was then, she could increase her speed to fourteen or fifteen knots.

The crew sprang aloft to loose sails with an alacrity that showed they scented the excitement of a race. The halyards and braces were manned, and in a very short time the foresail was drawing full. The speed of the vessel was sensibly increased.

"Mr. Manning," said Andy again.

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the sailing master.

"Set your mainsail and jib."

The Ulysses's large crew made quick work of it.

"Now give us your foretops'l," continued Andy.

The wind had increased by this time, and had veered around to the north northwest. It struck the yacht on her starboard quarter and filled her fore and aft sails with such force that she heeled considerably over to port.

"We are gaining on her, Captain Andy," reported Manning.

"I see we are," responded Andy with a smile, as he looked through his glass; "but I haven't heard that bark with a bite to it yet."

"It isn't too late yet, Captain Andy."

"If it isn't, it soon will be, Mr. Manning," said Andy, still smiling with satisfaction.

"Mr. Garboard," he continued, "give us the foreto'gal-lants'l, and the gaff-tops'l."

"Aye, aye, sir, chuckled the mate, realizing that the young captain meant business by this time.

The last order was to run up the jib. When this was executed the Ulysses was under full sail.

She was a beautiful sight as she tore through the billows under the combined power of steam and sail. The green, white capped waves, which were split by her sharp prow, rushed by in foaming masses, and boiled, seethed and bubbled up in her whitened wake. The log was heaved, and it was found that she was making a trifle over sixteen knots an hour.

In an hour the pursuing steamer was hull down behind the horizon, and a little later she had entirely disappeared. Then all the light sails were taken in, and the yacht still made good time under foresail and spanker.

Andy had kept the deck until the pursuer had disappeared, and just as he started towards his cabin he was startled by a cry which came from the dining saloon.

"Help, help!" some one shouted, as if in deadly peril.

(To be continued.)

GUY HAMMERSLEY;

HIS FRIENDS AND HIS ADVENTURES.*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GUY FINDS SOMETHING UNEXPECTEDLY.



WHY did you lock that front door when you came in?" the old gentleman was calling out, repeating the phrase over and over, as is the habit with those whose minds are unbalanced.

Poor Amy, nearly fainting with terror, fell prostrate on the divan in the bay window, with her mother at her side trying to keep her courage up.

"Don't be frightened," said Guy. "I don't think he's of the sort to grow suddenly violent. Let him see that you are afraid of him. What I can't understand is what he means by my locking the door. How could I do that when I put the key under the rug outside, as he told me to?"

By this time the major had reached the room where they were. As soon as he saw them he walked straight up to Guy, and taking him by the lapels of his coat, looked him straight in the eye as he demanded:

"Let me have that key out of your pocket!"

"What key?" asked Guy, in order to gain time.

"The key to the front door, to be sure."

"I haven't got it, Major Warburton. I left the door unlocked, and put the key under the mat, as you told me to," replied Guy firmly, but respectfully.

"But the door is locked," insisted the old gentleman, "and you must have done it. I want that key, or I cannot go out to the stable and order the carriage."

Mrs. Westmore spoke up at this point.

"Major Warburton," she said, "I can testify that this young man disposed of that key exactly as you requested him to do."

"Then, madam," responded the major, bowing low, "all I have to say is that some one has found it and made us all prisoners."

Mrs. Westmore flashed a glance at Guy, which was meant to express: "Do you believe him?"

This was just the question that was puzzling the young real estate clerk. He knew that the insane are fearfully cunning, and yet, if the door below had been open, and the major's aim had been to get out, as undoubtedly it was, why should he not have made his escape if the door had been in the condition in which Guy had left it?

On the other hand, who could have locked it? If it had been some one connected with the household, it was strange that he or she had not made an investigation into the cause of the door being open.

"But surely there must be some other way of getting out," went on Mrs. Westmore. Then, glancing at her watch, she added: "We must find it pretty soon, or we shall miss our train."

"Madam," rejoined the old gentleman, again bowing in his stately fashion, "I cannot think of allowing my guests to depart by any other than the front door."

As he spoke he turned suddenly and went out as swiftly as he had done before, again fastening the door behind him.

"I cannot understand how that door came to be locked," muttered Guy, and he then gave his reasons for believing that the major had told the truth about it.

"But it is unaccountable to me," returned Mrs. Westmore, "that a man in such a condition should be left by himself in this way. It seems really criminal."

"I dare say this is the first time it ever happened," rejoined Guy. "Doubtless the wedding the driver told us about was one that all the servants here wished to attend, thinking no harm could come to their charge in the brief time of their absence. This leads me to hope that they will soon be back and let us out."

"But meanwhile that man may murder us all," put in Amy. "Can't we lock ourselves in till the servants come back?"

"I think not. There is no bolt on the door if I remember right," replied Guy, stepping across the floor to investigate. "No, I'm right. But you need have no fears, Miss Westmore. You can see for yourself he is not violent."

Nevertheless, it was by no means a pleasant situation, although their imprisonment was in what might be called a gilded cage. The sun poured down a golden radiance on the sparkling waters of the Sound, and the whole place looked singularly beautiful, even at this season of the year.

But to this not one of the three gave a thought. Amy sat in one of the broad windows, with her face pressed against the pane, looking out with unseeing eyes. Her mother occupied a rocking chair in the center of the room, glancing from her daughter to Guy, who was pacing the floor with knit brow.

"I wonder if I am responsible for this?" he was thinking. "These ladies were sent here in my charge, but then who would have thought we were to be received by a lunatic?"

At this point Amy sprang up from her seat with the exclamation:

"Look there, at that party in the sailboat! Can't we attract their attention in some way, and get them to come to our rescue?" and forthwith she began to wave her handkerchief frantically.

The men in the boat, which was about a hundred yards from shore, responded by waving theirs, and soon passed out of sight.

"It's no use to do that, Amy," said her mother. "They think you are only saluting them."

"Some of the servants must be back very shortly," added Guy. "Perhaps we may be able to take the train we wanted, after all."

"If we had only allowed that driver to come back for us!" sighed Mrs. Westmore.

Then ensued another silence, which each of the three, although none so expressed it, feared might be broken any moment by Major Warburton. Time dragged by, and, finding that conversation was an inspirer of hope, Mrs. Westmore began to talk to Guy, first of their situation, and when that subject was exhausted, of himself.

"Your name," she said, "while rather an odd one, is very familiar to me. My cousin married a Mr. Franklin Hammersley."

"Why, that was my father's name!" exclaimed Guy, almost springing out of the chair he had taken near the center table.

*Begun in No. 389 of THE ARGOSY.

"I wonder if it can be the same," said Mrs. Westmore, scarcely less excited than was Guy. "Was your father a Western man?"

"Yes; I was born in Glendale, a suburb of Cincinnati," answered Guy. "I knew very few of my mother's relatives. She died when I was only a baby."

"Then you must be my second cousin—let me see if I can recall your name;" and, with a hand outstretched toward him, Mrs. Westmore bent her head in deep thought. Only for an instant, then she raised it with the exclamation: "Guy. I just remember hearing they had decided to name the boy Guy. And you are Guy, are you not?"

"Yes, that's my name;" and the fellow felt slightly embarrassed as he submitted to having both hands clasped by his new found relative.

"Well, this is queer enough," remarked Mrs. Westmore, when she had informed Amy of her discovery. "Ridley will be delighted, I am sure, to find a cousin in New York so near his own age."

"That's so," reflected Guy. "She doesn't realize all the querness of it, my turning out to be related to the fellow I've run across so often in such an odd way."

Amy seemed to become suddenly shy of the young real estate clerk, transformed into her third cousin. She blushed when he looked at her, as indeed Guy did himself, and the new order of things promised to separate rather than bring them together, when the key was heard to turn in the lock of the door, and the latter opened to admit Major Warburton.

"Oh, save me from him!" cried the impulsive girl, fleeing to Guy and clasping his arm with both hands.

"Hush!" cautioned Guy; "don't let him see that he terrifies you." Then raising his voice, but still addressing her, he continued: "It was nothing but a mouse scampering across the floor, Miss Westmore."

"Oh, have those pests got in here!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I must see that Max has traps set. May I have the honor?" and he offered his arm to Mrs. Westmore.

Guy, by an expressive look, indicated that she should take it, and then tendered his to Amy, as he whispered: "This may give us an opportunity to escape."

So this strange lunch party filed out of the apartment, crossed the hall, and descended the stairs to the stately dining room.

CHAPTER XXX.

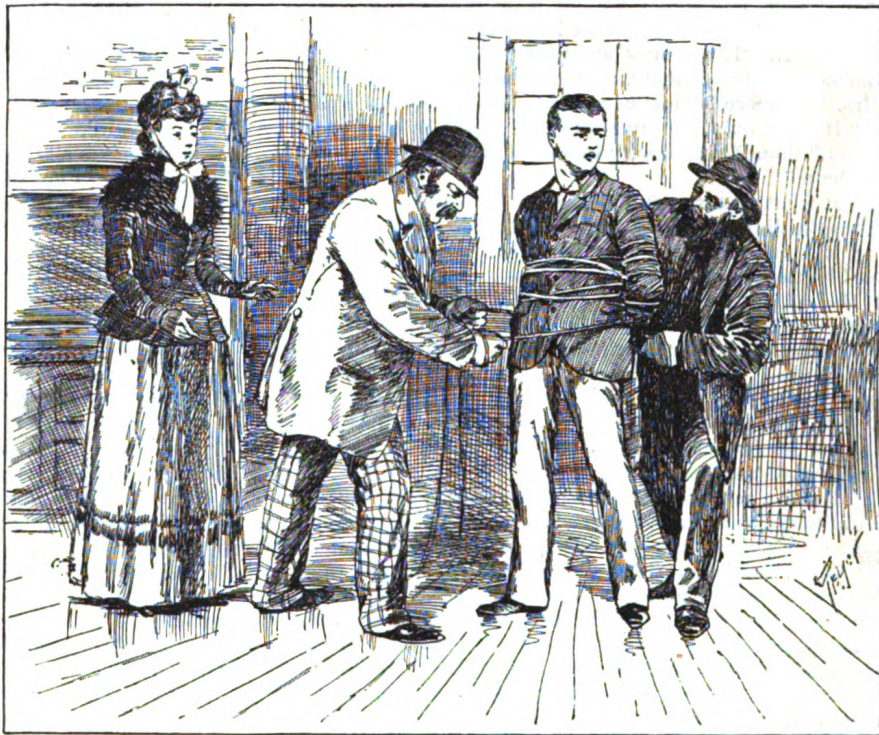
A MATTER OF DATES.

THE table was set out most sumptuously, so far as the service was concerned. A tablecloth of elaborate pattern, with embroidered edges, and napkins to match; a beautiful épergne in the center, flanked on either side by cut glass fruit dishes of unique design. A silver butter dish was at each place, while an imposing coffee urn, most chastely wrought, stood at one end.

There was an oyster plate at each cover, but instead of oysters or clams, these contained dates. In fact, dates were the only article of food visible.

Dates were piled high in each of the fruit dishes, overflowed from the épergne, and reposed, one on each of the butter plates.

"Pray, be seated," said the major, waving his hand to a



THE TWO MEN WERE INDUSTRIOUSLY WINDING GUY UP IN THE CLOTHES LINE.

place on his right for Mrs. Westmore, one on his left for Amy, while he motioned to Guy to take the other end of the table. "I trust you are all fond of dates. They are a passion with me, you know. There are my sons, John and Mark, both named for their uncles, and here, some five years since, I discovered that John was born on St. John's Day, and Mark on St. Mark's Day. And now do you wonder that I am interested in dates? Help yourselves; there are plenty more in the pantry."

"Mad as a March hare," said Guy to himself, glancing out of the broad windows in search of assistance, as he helped himself to dates with an oyster fork.

Amy was too frightened to eat. Observing this, Major Warburton frowned and said meaningly:

"I trust, my dear young lady, you are not going to neglect my favorites."

On finding herself thus addressed, the poor girl's cheek paled and Guy feared that she was going to faint. This would have been most unfortunate, as the excitement which it would naturally induce would be very apt to cause the old gentleman to become more than merely peculiar.

Something must be done at once to avert such a catastrophe. But what? Guy glanced about the room wildly, while Amy, with the major's suggestion reinforced by a meaning look from her mother, was making an heroic effort to carry a date to her mouth.

If it were only possible to lure the old man into some

strong room and confine him there? During their recent inspection of the mansion they should have seen such a place, if one existed, and suddenly Guy recollected where it was. The china closet!

This was situated in the passage way leading from the hall to the dining room and was lighted, as Guy had remarked at the time, by a high, narrow window, scarcely six inches wide, and which, viewed from the exterior, was one of the features that contributed to give the house its castle-like aspect. The door of stout oak was a sliding one, with the key on the outside, as Guy remembered by reason of Mrs. Westmore having caught her dress in it as she passed.

"If I can only get him into that closet by some hook or crook," thought the boy, "we can shut him up there and go for help." ♦

But what pretext could be found for getting the host up from the dinner table and into the china closet?

"If I can only lure him there by some stratagem," Guy told himself.

He had just eaten his last date, which left him free to admire the entire design of the oyster plate if he so chose. But he was far too preoccupied to give it more than a passing glance. And yet this one glance furnished him with an inspiration.

"Oh, Major Warburton," he suddenly broke forth, "you say you are so fond of coincidences in dates. I wonder if I have not discovered another for you."

"Really, what is it? Most extraordinary, I am sure," and the major abandoned his attempt to make Amy eat, and turned to his vis-a-vis with eager interest in face and voice.

"Why, these oyster plates," rejoined Guy, hoping that the Westmores would understand that he had a special plan in view. "They are the handsomest I have ever seen, and I was just wondering whether the set was complete. I suppose there are twelve of them, and this is the twelfth of the month. But servants are so careless, it is possible some of them may have been broken."

It was a lame expedient, Guy knew. Only a man crazy on one theme, could by any possibility be taken in by it. In the greatest suspense he awaited the result.

"That's so," exclaimed the major, after an instant's reflection. "It is the twelfth of the month, and I know we had a dozen of those oyster plates. But I heard a crash in the pantry only yesterday, and it is barely possible one of these dishes was in it."

"Had you not better see at once?" suggested Guy boldly. "These coincidences in dates are very important—to us," he added under his breath.

"Well, if the ladies will excuse me for a moment, I believe I will," rejoined the major, after wriggling uneasily in his seat. "I will be right back."

He rose and stepped, in his quick, nervous fashion, across the hard wood floor. The china closet was just within the hallway, and as soon as he had disappeared within it, "Let us fly," gasped Mrs. Westmore, half rising from her chair.

Guy shook his head, laid his finger across his lips, and then rising, stole on tiptoe towards the hallway. He heard the rattle of crockery just as he reached it, then seizing the door knob at his left, he suddenly ran it forward and turned the key in the lock inside of half a minute.

Amy gave a faint scream, and Mrs. Westmore got up and hurried to her side. Guy only waited long enough to make sure that the door was securely locked, and then came back into the dining room.

Before he could say a word a series of thunderous blows was rained upon the oak portal of the china closet and an instant later a crash of crockery was heard.

"Oh, this is terrible," groaned Mrs. Westmore, for Amy had fainted, and lay back in the great carved chair, as if in death.

Guy hastily brought some water, and between them they soon brought the girl to, but when she heard the noise the major was still making in the china closet, she showed strong symptoms of going off into another collapse.

"We must get her into some other part of the house," said Guy.

"But why not leave at once?" returned the mother. "If as you say, he cannot get out of that pantry, there is nothing now to hinder us from making our escape."

"I am afraid there is," was the reply. "You remember we discovered all the windows locked with some patent fastening, and I am sure that stone areaway runs all around the house. But if we go up stairs again I think your daughter can be made more comfortable. It cannot be very long now before some one comes."

So, one on either side of the terrified girl, they conducted her up the stairs to the pleasant room where they had first been made prisoners.

"Now, if you will remain here," said Guy, "I will go down and see if there is any possible way of getting out. You need not be alarmed to stay alone. I am sure the old gentleman cannot make his escape."

"Go," said Mrs. Westmore; "we will stay here and watch for any chance passer by."

He remained on that floor long enough, however, to satisfy himself of one thing: that the major had been shut in a room specially reserved for him and had forced his way out. Pulling aside a portière at the end of this upper hallway, Guy beheld the solution of the mystery, for a mystery he certainly held it to be that a man so far gone in dementia as Major Warburton should be left to roam at will in such a mansion.

Behind the curtain just mentioned was a door with a hole in it just below the lock as large as Guy's fist. It had evidently been whittled out with a knife so that the occupant's hand could be thrust through and the bolt slid back. Stepping inside for an instant, Guy beheld an apartment almost luxurious in its furnishings, a *suite* of them in fact, for parlor and dining room, chamber and bath, opened out of one another. But he had no time to make a close inspection. He must see if there was not some means of leaving the house which contained such a fearful skeleton in its closet.

Retracing his steps, he descended the main stairway, and was almost deafened by the shouts and blows which the old gentleman was keeping up in the china closet.

"If he should get out now I'm afraid he would kill us," Guy told himself with a shudder he could not repress.

And yet, he felt that he had done the right thing in confining him. But what if he had that knife with him still?

"I had better inspect the china closet door," reflected Guy.

He did so and found that, so far as the exterior, at any rate, was concerned, it was just as he had left it. Paying no heed to the cries that came from within, he crossed the passage way to the butler's pantry, where he found a stairway leading to the basement. He knew the outside doors were locked, and he was debating with himself whether he would be justified in breaking his way out through a window, when he heard footsteps on the porch overhead.

He started to hurry back to meet the newcomers, but could not at once recall by which door he had entered the large kitchen in which he now found himself. He opened two only to find that they led, the one to the cellar, the other to the laundry, and had just hurriedly thrown back a

third, when a heavy hand gripped him by the shoulder and a voice of strong German accent exclaimed in his ear: "Ha, I haf you now. Here, Carl, help me wid the young rascal. Augusta, Augusta, run into the laundry and bring a clothes line till we bind him."

Meanwhile Guy was struggling not only to free himself bodily from the firm grip in which he was held, but to exculpate himself morally from whatever charge should be brought against him. The nature of this he could easily guess. He had been found in the basement of a house that was supposed to be locked up, and had been taken for a thief. However, he had no fear but that he could easily explain matters. Besides, there were Mrs. Westmore and her daughter to bear witness to his story.

But up to the present moment he had gained not the slightest headway in this direction. With two men ready to place their hands over his mouth as soon as he started to open it, there was not much encouragement to talk. Finding himself powerless to contend against both, he presently ceased to struggle, resolved to wait till their choler, valor or whatever it was, had cooled a little, when he would, in all the quietness of offended dignity, convince them of the serious error they had committed.

Suddenly the unknown "Augusta" announced her return with the clothes line by calling in a loud whisper: "Here's a rope, Carl."

Guy started. Where had he heard that voice before? He was so absorbed, trying to remember, hoping that he should find a friend, that he made no resistance when his two captors hustled him out of the dark closet into the center of the kitchen. Here there was a three sided recognition, for, as soon as he caught sight of her face, Guy saw that "Augusta" was none other than Mrs. Traubmann, the wife of the Greenwich Street shoe dealer, while the latter himself was one of the two men who were industriously winding him up in the clothes line.

(To be continued.)

TOM TURNER'S LEGACY.*

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. CARTER COMMITS BURGLARY.

"THIS going to the city will be a rare experience for me, Tom," said Mrs. Turner. "I have not visited New York for three years."

"And yet we are only thirty miles distant."

"If it were only the distance, but the fare is a dollar, and dollars have not been plenty with me since your poor father died."

A visit to New York would be quite as rare an experience for Tom. He and his mother both looked forward to it with interest. To all who live in the country the great city is invested with a peculiar charm, and especially to the young. It had been the dream of Tom's life some day to live and work in New York. He knew a young man, employed as a salesman in Simpson, Crawford & Simpson's on Sixth Avenue, who generally spent a week of his vacation in Hillsboro, with an aunt. This young man, Thomas Jefferson Vail, or T. Jefferson Vail, as he generally wrote his name, seemed to Tom quite a great man, and he always looked up to him with extreme deference. Jefferson Vail put on many airs, and had many stories to tell of the city. Judging from his own statements he was intimately ac-

quainted with the leading men in New York—Astor and Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and Chauncey Depew. It was not strange that Tom should regard the young man from New York as a person of importance.

"I wonder," he said to himself more than once, "whether I shall ever be working in New York, and get acquainted with any of these famous men. I hope so. It must be fine to have such friends."

Of New York Tom knew very little. He had been there once, about five years before, but his recollections of the visit were vague and indefinite. He felt that it was quite time for him to go again and renew his impressions of the great metropolis.

"Mother," he said, "let us carry some lunch with us and stay all day."

"But what shall we find to occupy us so long, Tom?"

"We shall find plenty to do in New York. You know I have never been there but once before. It won't cost us any more to stay all day. We can go round and see the streets and stores, and the Elevated road. Oh, I hope it will be pleasant, so that we can enjoy ourselves."

"Very well, Tom, we will stay then. Do you know about the trains?"

"Yes; the last train leaves New York at eight o'clock, but there is an earlier one at five."

"We will take that. We shall not want to stay so late."

Tom and his mother were at the station at least fifteen minutes before the departure of the train. Tom hurried his mother off, being nervously apprehensive of being late.

About ten o'clock a horse and buggy appeared in the main street of Hillsboro, driven by Hannibal Carter. He left the buggy at a stable and walked towards the Turner cottage. When he reached it he saw that the curtains were down.

"They have gone to the city," he said to himself in a tone of satisfaction, "and the coast is clear. It was a bright idea of mine writing that letter."

The Turners' house stood at some distance from its neighbors. This was favorable to Mr. Carter, who wished to enter and explore the old trunk which he believed to contain the valuable bonds belonging to Mr. Pendergast's estate.

The doors were undoubtedly locked both in front and in the rear. He tried them both and found it to be as he anticipated.

"Probably I may get in at some window," he reflected.

He went round to the back of the house, and tried one of the kitchen windows. He smiled with satisfaction as it rose easily. The problem was solved. He climbed in, not without a little difficulty, for, he was no longer as active as he had been when a young man.

He walked through the empty rooms, and then went up the back staircase to a small apartment occupied by Tom. There, just opposite the bed, stood the old trunk.

"Aha, here it is!" said Hannibal complacently. "I will soon solve the problem of the lost bonds."

He got down on his knees, and drew from his pocket a large bunch of keys with which he had provided himself. There were a dozen in the bunch. He tried one after another till there were but two left. He was growing nervous. But the eleventh fitted the lock, and the lid lifted.

Just then a slight noise behind him startled him.

He turned round in nervous trepidation and saw a large Maltese cat eying his proceedings with evident curiosity.

"Pshaw! I thought it was a human being!" he muttered with a feeling of relief. "Scat, you beast!" and he proceeded to put the cat to flight, for he did not like to have even a cat watching him.

*Begun in No. 391 of THE ARGOSY.

Well, the trunk was open. He took out one garment after the other, and searched the pockets. But this had been done thoroughly by Tom Turner already, and Mr. Carter made no discoveries.

"There must be a false bottom somewhere," murmured Hannibal. He felt round carefully with his fingers, in the hope of touching some hidden spring, but his efforts were not crowned with success.

Hannibal began to feel troubled and disappointed. After all the trouble he had taken was he not to be rewarded? If the mining securities were not here, where were they? Was it possible that Tom had found them and put them away in a place of safety? The very thought brought the perspiration to Hannibal's forehead. Still he continued his investigation. But in the end he had to give it up. He raised the

plausible excuse for his having entered the place as he did. He was indeed in an awkward predicament.

CHAPTER XXV.

TWO OF A KIND.

MR. Carter opened the door at the foot of the stairs, and saw an ill looking man dressed like a tramp, who evidently had as little business in the house as himself.

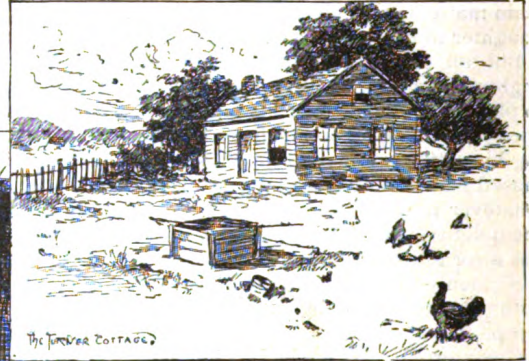
"Who are you?" he demanded sternly.



"WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS? ARE YOU A BURGLAR?"

trunk on end and tapped the under part, but could discover no signs of a false bottom.

Would Tom put the papers in his bureau? He opened the drawers, but could discover nothing except a limited supply of underwear, cheap and well worn, which he turned over contemptuously. He closed the last drawer, and was about to put back the clothing in the trunk, when his heart stood still. He heard a cough in the lower part of the house. Some one must be below! He went down stairs in a state of nervous excitement, feeling that he must devise some



"Who am I? I'm a gentleman."
"You don't look it. What is your business here?"

"Is this your house?"

"No."

"Then what is *your* business here, master? Are you a burglar?"

"A burglar!" gasped Hannibal. "How dare you insult me by such a question?"

"No offense, mister. I guess there ain't so much difference between us. I am a burglar, I own up to it."

"I've a great mind to have you arrested on your own confession."

"Ho, ho! That is rich."

"How did you get into the house?"

"Same way as you did!"

"What!" gasped Hannibal, flushing.

"Jest as I said. I seed you when you got into the kitchen winder, and says I to myself, 'He's one of the purfesh.' I say, have you found anything vally-ble up s'airs?"

The tramp grinned as he put the question, and leered at Hannibal in a way that made the worthy gentleman wince.

"My friend," he said, "you labor under a strange hallucination."

"Do I? That sounds bad. I hope it isn't dangerous."

"I mean that you are quite mistaken as to my character."
"Am I? What are you, then, if I may make so bold as to inquire?"

"I am a relative and friend of the people who live in this house."

"And you generally visit 'em when they ain't at home, ho, ho!" and the tramp laughed significantly.

"I was here last week, and left something behind me," explained Hannibal. "It was a—heir loom, valuable for its associations, and so I came after it today, but to my regret I find my cousin absent."

"So you got in at the kitchen winder?"

"Yes, the doors were locked, and I could not conveniently call again," said Hannibal in a mild voice.

He was actually apologizing to a self confessed burglar for his presence in the house.

"Jest the way with me," said the other with a fresh grin.

"But *you* are no relative!" said Hannibal, with an assumption of sternness. "It was right enough in me, but you have no business here."

"I'm a distant relative of the people in the house," said the other.

"That is untrue!"

"I'm sorry not to find 'em at home, and so I thought I would drop in and leave my card."

"I think it is my duty to have you arrested."

"All right! Go ahead and do it. I'll tell about your gettin' in at the winder."

"On second thoughts, I will have compassion on you. You may have done wrong through poverty. You may be naturally honest, though your actions are suspicious."

"I am, boss, I am!" said the tramp, with a cunning leer.

"Under those circumstances, I don't want to be too hard on you. You can leave the house as you came in. I will not molest you."

"I wouldn't advise you to. You see your fightin' weight isn't as great as mine. Lor, I could double you up inside of a minute," and the tramp stretched out a muscular arm that would have compared favorably with a blacksmith's.

"I mean you no harm," said Hannibal uneasily. "And now, your good man, you had better go."

"Are you goin', too?"

"I shall go very soon."

"Then I'll wait till you go. I want a fair division, pard."

"What do you mean by addressing me in that disgusting way?" demanded Hannibal, half alarmed.

"Oh, we're on the same lay, only you're more respectable than I. Come, what did you find up stairs?"

"What do you mean? How dare you speak to me that way?"

"I'm goin' up to see;" and before Hannibal could stop him the tramp had run up the narrow stairs which Mr. Carter had just descended.

Hannibal followed him in dismay.

At the top of the stairs there was a good view of Tom's room. There was the trunk, with the lid raised, and a pile of clothing on the floor.

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed the tramp. "You are one of us, after all. That's what you were about, eh? I disturbed you at your work, ho, ho! I say, this is rich."

Hannibal Carter felt like sinking through the floor. Appearances were certainly against him. It did look suspicious—the open trunk, the pile of clothing on the floor.

"Oh, you're a sly one!" said the tramp, pointing his finger at the discomfited merchant facetiously. "I say, you're a credit to the purfesh. Suppose we go into partnership."

"Wait a minute!" and Hannibal replaced the clothes and shut the trunk, but did not venture to take out his bunch of keys and lock it.

"That trunk belonged to my uncle," he continued. "It was left to my young cousin. He offered me any of the clothes, and I was examining them. But I don't want them. They are too old fashioned."

"A good story, that! You're foxy, old man. I say, lend me ten dollars."

"What!" ejaculated Hannibal, drawing back.

"I want ten dollars. You can lend it or give it. It's all the same."

"You will have to excuse me!"

"No, I won't. Give me ten dollars, or I'll come round tonight and tell what I've seen. Is it yes or no?"

"Come down stairs, and we'll talk things over."

"All right! I'm agreeable, but the money I must have."

When they had reached the kitchen, Mr. Carter felt a little bolder.

"If you are really in want," he said, "I don't mind giving you a dollar."

"It won't do," said the tramp, shaking his head. "A dollar won't do me. Give me a tenner."

"I don't think I have as much."

"Yes, you have, I know from your appearance. You ain't a broken down tramp like me. You're solid."

Hannibal felt that he was in a tight place. He was fond of money, and to give away ten dollars was like drawing a tooth. But he did not dare to refuse.

"Here is the money!" he said. "Turn over a new leaf, my friend, and reform. You may yet become a respectable member of society."

"Like you, eh?" said the other, with a mocking laugh. "By, by, old gentleman! Shall I get out of the winder?"

"No, no; I will draw the bolt. You can go out at the door."

After his unpleasant companion had left, Mr. Carter felt that he, too, had remained too long. He locked the door again, made his exit through the window, which he lowered again, and hastened to the stable, where he had left his horse and buggy. His visit had been a failure, as he sorrowfully acknowledged to himself.

Meantime, how fared it with Tom and his mother, lured away to the city by a cruel deception? This will be shown in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)



HOW I ESCAPED ISANDULA.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

"MY dear fellow, don't, I beg of you, go into this campaign with the same light and boastful spirit that characterizes the rest of your British troops. Even your commanders, brave and skilled men though they are, have no proper estimate of Cetewayo and his Zulus. I ought to know them well. Have I not traded in ivory and hides all through Zululand, from the Buffalo River to the Umvolosi? Have I not lived in their kraals and hunted the elephant with their warriors? No, no, they are not to be despised—not to be routed at the approach of your bright uniforms and flashing rifle barrels. They will yield eventually, but they will score their mark before they go down, remember that."

This prophetic utterance was the last admonition to me from my old friend, John Roosevelt, the trader, when I left Port Durnford for the interior on that memorable Zulu campaign of '79.

Prophetic words indeed! Scarcely two weeks had passed away when the dire massacre at Isandula sent a shiver through all England—a premonitory shudder of what was to follow, for on the heels of this disaster came the awful tidings from Rorke's Drift.

I shiver yet sometimes to think how near I came to leaving my bones at Isandula. Plenty of brave fellows did leave their bones there, but I was one of the lucky ones. In fact I escaped the terrible scene entirely, though while it was going on I was conducting a miniature warfare of my own which threatened to have fully as disastrous an ending as did Isandula.

Early on the afternoon of the day preceding the massacre our scouts brought in news of the approach of the Zulus. At first little heed was paid to it. Our intrenchment was a good one, our guns were well mounted, our ammunition was plentiful, and the soldiers were in a cheerful, courageous mood.

But towards evening things assumed a more serious aspect. Fresh news came in every moment. Two impi of Zulus were advancing from the north, already an impi had taken up its position on the slope to the westward, another was on our eastern flank, and now, to culminate matters, a horde of the grim warriors was steadily advancing from the south. Our camp was surrounded, that was certain, and our confidence now gave way to grave fears.

Just before dark, Colonel Chelmsford summoned me to headquarters, and, as I hastened along through the camp, I observed with a shiver the strange quietude that had fallen on everybody.

The colonel's greeting was very grave.

"I have a perilous mission for you, Blount," he said; "will you accept it?"

Without waiting for an answer, he went on:

"We are in grave peril, graver indeed than I care to admit. Our position is invested on all sides, and against a combined attack I don't see that we can hold out long. Sir Evelyn Wood is off somewhere towards the Umvolosi—how far away I can't tell. You must break through the enemy's lines, find Sir Evelyn, if possible, and hurry him back without an hour's delay. I have chosen you, Blount, because I know your record, and believe you can accomplish what I want, if any man can do it."

"I'll do my best, colonel," I told him, and then, with a tight clasp of the hand, I hurried off to make my preparations, for it was now dark. I had a good horse, and that in itself was everything. I was soon ready, and without saying a word to anybody I rode to the edge of the camp, and, dismounting, started on foot into the darkness, leading my horse by the bridle.

On the eastern side of our camp were two hills, on which the Zulus had intrenched themselves. Between these hills was a narrow ravine, and here lay my only hope. If that ravine was unoccupied, I was all right; if not, all was up with me, I knew.

I picked my way forward very carefully. The ground was soft and spongy, and my horse's hoofs made hardly any noise. On both hills shone the camp fires of the Zulus, blazing away merrily in a long line. The ravine was conspicuous only by its darkness, and from this I inferred that the way was open.

At last I reached the very edge of the ravine. Up above me on the hillsides I could see the dusky forms moving to and fro in the firelight, and could hear the rascals' conversation very plainly.

I listened a moment, but all seemed quiet ahead. The Zulus are sharp fellows, and for all I knew there might be half a dozen savage warriors lurking in the shadows, ready to impale me on their assegais.

There was no use in delaying. The sooner it was over the better. I spurred up my horse and away we went into the gloom at a sharp, quick trot. Twenty or thirty yards had been covered and I was just beginning to congratulate myself, when whizz came an assegai past my head and a dark form sprang out of the path just in time to escape my horse's hoofs. Another came flying after my retreating form, but in a moment more I was beyond their reach, dashing up the ravine at a pace which defied pursuit.

Just as I supposed, the rascals had been lurking there in the darkness, and had the gloom not been so intense I would never have left the place alive.

The ravine narrowed to a dark, rocky gorge that finally let me out on the open country, and then I rode on in earnest, for if it was a possible thing the beleaguered men must be saved. Mile after mile I galloped over hill and plain, through jungle and meadow land, all the while keeping a sharp lookout for the expected camp fires. Little did I dream of the long distance that separated Sir Evelyn Wood from the camp at Isandula.

I was heedless of time in my excitement, and it was a tremendous shock when the first halo of dawn lighted up the east. Morning already! Where was Sir Evelyn, and what was taking place at Isandula?

I drew rein on a small ridge overlooking the furrowed plain. Far in the distance shone a dim glimmer of water, and on the right lay one of those irregular rock formations that are to be met with in Zululand, a great heap of stones towering up from the plain.

The situation was full of perplexity. I could not make up my mind whether to go on in the hope of finding Sir Evelyn or to turn back and take the chances with my friends. My horse meanwhile had gone slowly down the slope, and suddenly, to my surprise, I found that I was riding through an abandoned camp ground. Here were the ashes of the fires, the spaces where the tents had stood, the marks of the ammunition wagons and various camp refuse scattered about.

That it was the camp of Sir Evelyn I had no doubt. But the ashes were cold and dead, and the traces of the march showed that he had retreated toward the Umvolosi probably on the previous morning.

To follow him was useless, and I came to the hasty conclusion to ride back to Isandula as rapidly as possible.

But destiny had other views for me. Glancing up from the ground my eyes encountered off to the left a sight that actually left me incapable of motion for a brief period.

A horde of dusky Zulu warriors was swarming over the crest of a sloping ridge, fifty yards distant, and in the dim light I could see their ox hide shields and assegais, and the swarthy gleam of their brawny arms and breasts.

The discovery was mutual. With a single shout they came bounding down the slope and were perilously near before I realized my danger. I was off like a streak, heading straight for Isandula, when half a dozen more of the fiends burst out of the bush in front of me, and I dodged down on my horse's neck just in time to escape two or three assegais that went hurtling past.

I drew my revolver and shot the foremost man and then made a dash through them. One big black fellow went down under my horse and I rode over him. I heard his cry of pain and then my horse suddenly gave a mad plunge and I shot headforemost to the ground.

An assegai had pierced the poor animal in the flank and off he went at a gallop, leaving me decidedly in the lurch.

I was on my feet instantly, and before the astonished Zulus could realize it, I was bounding with great strides straight across the bush towards the towering mass of rocks. They swept on behind in full cry, and the larger force that I had seen first made a break to cut me off from the rocks.

I am at all times a good runner, but on this particular occasion I beat all previous records. I left the fleet footed Zulus behind, dodging from side to side to avoid the flying assegais, and dashed up to the rocks some yards ahead of the other party, who were sweeping along at the top of their speed. I turned sideways as I ran and took a snap shot at the leader, who was waving two assegais in a most vicious manner, and then in frantic haste, scrambled up the face of the cliff.

It was split and seamed with crevices and jagged with loose bowlders, but no hiding place appeared till I came near the top. Then I saw a crevice down among the rocks just big enough for a man to get in, and in I went in a trice!

The top of the cliff projected out over my head, and I had a big,

jagged rock in front of me. I drew down into the crevice like a tortoise into his shell, and waited in deep suspense.

If I had entertained any hope of remaining undiscovered I was soon undeceived. I heard the scoundrels chattering away down at the foot of the rocks, and presently two or three assegais shivered their points against the stone within an inch of my head. I paid little attention to them at first, but tried to compress myself into a still smaller space. I lay quiet a moment or two, and then it suddenly flashed into my

The cliff, as I have said before, hung directly over me, and I had aken but one step when a dark shadow shot across the rocks in front of me, and then down came a big Zulu on my shoulders. He miscalculated his leap, for he rolled sideways and pulled me over on top of him.

We grappled fiercely and floundered over the rocks at a lively rate. I had no chance to use my revolver at all.

The Zulu was a big, brawny man, and for a time the issue was un-



I TURNED SIDWAYS AS I RAN AND TOOK A SNAP SHOT AT THE LEADER.

mind that those assegais must have been hurled from a point part way up the cliff instead of from the ground below, as I had at first supposed. This supposition was immediately confirmed, for as I peeped up over the ledge very cautiously I discovered half a dozen big Zulus advancing steadily up the rocks. The foremost was a big, stalwart man and quick as lightning he let fly his weapon. I dodged in the nick of time and then, handing up my revolver, I took aim and fired and down went the big Zulu to the bottom of the crags, taking along with him two others who happened to be just in the rear.

Several assegais swept past my ears and then, as I blazed away indiscriminately, knocking one more man over, the rest beat a hasty retreat down the cliff.

A chorus of wild yells rose from the swarming fiends below, and in order to scare them a little I reloaded the revolver and let them have it again. They hurried out of range very quickly, and after some consultation squatted down in the bush.

I was in for a siege, and a most mighty unpleasant siege too. The sun was up and beating down fiercely into the crannies of the rocks, and to add to the misery caused by the intense heat, I was both hungry and thirsty.

The hours passed on with torturing slowness, and while I was suffering untold miseries in my rocky retreat the Zulus complacently baked their half naked bodies in the broiling sun, their heads covered by their shields. I had no doubt that they were only waiting for darkness to finish me up. There was absolutely no chance of escape, for they had invested the rock on all sides.

The shield belonging to the big warrior whom I had shot was lying a few yards below me where it had caught on a sharp spur. Here was a capital defense against their assegais in case another attack was made. Pulling myself nimbly over the parapet I started down.

certain; but at last I knocked his head against a sharp rock, and the tight grasp relaxed at once.

But now I was horrified to see a dozen warriors bounding up the cliff only a few yards away. With one spring I was on my feet, and, as I plunged into the cranny of the rocks, a perfect hail of assegais rattled around me.

In that instant I gave myself up for lost. I had left the shield behind, and I knew well enough that the moment I ventured to raise my head it would be made the target for a dozen spears.

I drew down as far as possible, pointing the muzzle of my rifle upward, for I was resolved to put a few of them out of the way before I went under. But minute after minute passed on, and not a sound of any kind reached me. Then the suspicion stole over me that this was a cunningly laid plot to induce me to poke up my head and be impaled on an assegai. Fully convinced of this, I remained quiet for ten minutes longer, and then slowly thrust up my head.

Oh, the gladness of that moment! It was worth a day's suffering. Not a Zulu was in sight, save two or three dead ones lying on the ground; but fifty yards away, coming at a rapid trot through the bush, was a detachment of English cavalry. The Zulus had spied them in the distance, and beat a rapid retreat.

Cramped and stiff, I crawled down over the rocks, and was heartily welcomed by the brave troopers.

They turned out to be a reconnoitering party attached to Sir Evelyn Wood's forces, who were camped on a small watercourse five miles distant.

In an hour I was in his presence, relating the peril of the camp at Isandula. Instant preparations were made for a night march, but just before dark two blood stained troopers rode wearily into camp with the terrible tidings. They were the sole survivors of the massacre.



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DO you know what a cribsider is? Perhaps it is scarcely fair for us to spell it with a small letter, but then, when the word was first brought to our notice, it was in speech, and we must confess to fancying that it could very easily be begun without a capital and stand for some new variety of insect, of the crawling variety.

But how far away from this is the reality! For in place of homely bugs the Cribsiders are fair young girls, who have organized themselves into an association for visiting babies' hospitals and trying to shorten the long hours for the helpless little patients there gathered. Verily a noble work and—shades of Noah Webster—surely one worthy of a more euphonious name!

* * * *

WE do things rapidly here in America in more senses than one. Many of our largest and most flourishing business enterprises are managed by men still on the sunny side of fifty. And here is a man just thirty four years old, who educated himself and has worked his own way up the journalistic ladder until now he is the London correspondent of one of the foremost New York dailies and the author of two very popular novels.

But this "speedy arriving" means persistent application and unflagging energy. Success is won, and frequently won early, but never before the work is got in.

* * * *

COLUMBIA COLLEGE has set the example of doing away with oratorical exhibitions of her graduates at commencement time. And thus the first blow has been struck at another time honored institution.

And who shall say that it is not a wise stroke? This constant speech making, does it not tend to show only one side of a growth in intellectual power? And then is

it not manifestly unfair to those students who do not chance to be gifted with "silver tongues," but who may excel in mathematics, for instance? Why should not these last be entitled to show the public what they can do as well as their classmates?

Columbia's action in this matter will no doubt provoke a good deal of discussion. Indeed, what with this matter and Harvard's proposed reduction of her course from four years to three, this promises to be a lively year for the revision of college traditions.

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HERE is a source of consolation for the careless housemaid who lets fall a tray full of tumblers. She may gather up the pieces and let them go towards making her a new dress.

For cloth made of broken glass is one of the latest developments of British industry. It is said to strongly resemble silk in appearance, is washable, and would be a first class thing for cooks to wear, as it will not take fire. Verily, Cinderella's famous glass slipper bids fair to be utterly discounted in the near future.

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LADIES to the front! An English girl has carried off the highest prize for proficiency in mathematics at Cambridge University, while an American girl at Harvard won the laurels in a Latin poetry contest with sixteen of the male students.

So much for intellectual triumphs; and now that New York has set the example of a ladies' athletic club, how long will it be ere the phrase "the weaker sex" will have lost its point?